THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

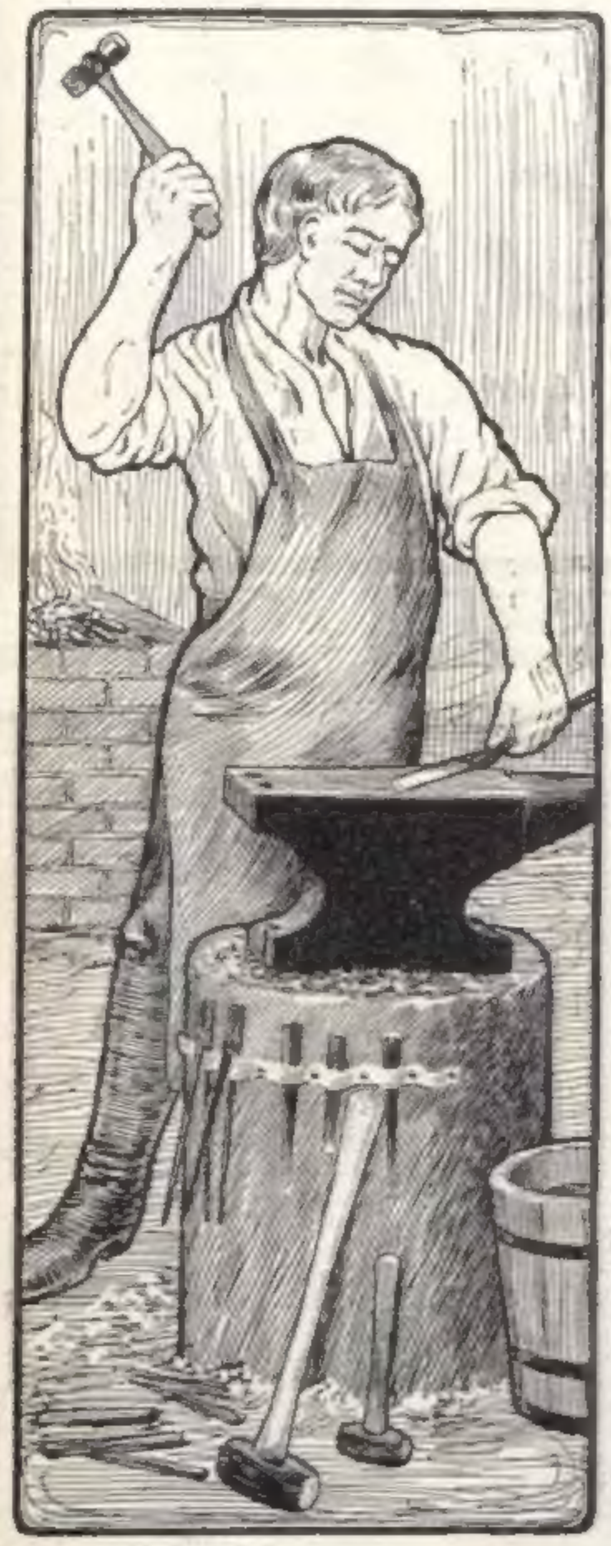
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 1, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

PRESENCE OF MIND ON THE STAGE

By Julia Marlowe; Mrs. Patrick Campbell; E. H. Sothern, and Others



THE OLD WAY

SINCE the days of Tubal Cain, up to a few years ago, it was necessary to produce the strongest parts of metal work by hammering. In the olden days the heated metal was laid on one flat stone and hammered with another, or with a primitive sledge. The flat stone developed by slow stages into a block of metal, at first square and unhandy, but as time passed and men developed ingenuity, the block grew a nose and became an anvil, by means of which the blacksmiths of old shaped curved articles. They fashioned horseshoes, linked chain armor and welded blades. From the old-time armorer, the blacksmiths and other workers of metal, whose sturdy blows rang music from the anvil, is descended the ponderous trip-hammer—ponderous, yet so delicately adjusted that a blow can be struck as light as air, and one so mighty that a block of granite is crushed to powder. Invention has succeeded invention until the rude flat stone has developed into a die carefully and laboriously cut and shaped by hand, into which the glowing metal is forced, not by the sinewy arm of a modern Tubal Cain, but by the power of steam, through tendons of steel or by the hydraulic pressure of water squeezing the metal into shape. All are modifications of the old brawny arm and skilful hammering method. Slow, expensive and subject to ruinous misplaced blows and defective machinery, it is a process that is still retained only because none better had been discovered. Even with the most modern machinery, with the aid of wonderful trip-hammers, of powerful hydraulic presses that mould metal as a sculptor models clay, the process is costly and slow, the machines enormous or delicate, and must be adjusted whether one or fifty pieces are to be produced. The die must be cut with the finest skill by hand out of steel as hard as flint. And after all this the article must often be tempered, annealed or planed before it is ready for use. Such is the old process of steel production—the process of Tubal Cain, grandson of Methuselah, and his descendants.

AND THE NEW

The new steel process is a short cut to the result wanted. From the enormous melting furnace to the finished article is but one step by the Jupiter Steel process. Scarcely five years ago two metallurgists discovered a method by which scrap steel (discarded machinery, old boiler plates, broken crank shafts and the like), melted and mixed with certain ingredients and poured into a simple mould of special sand, produced steel equal in strength and temper to forgings vastly more expensive. By this means old scrap steel of little value is transformed into tools capable of holding the finest edge, or into immense castings of the greatest strength and toughest fibre. Like all great and successful inventions its simplicity makes it profitable. All the time-wasting, expensive processes of forging, tempering and annealing are avoided. Carefully measured ingredients are introduced into the boiling mass of steel scrap and the finished cast will have all the qualities of the best tool steel or the forged and turned engine crank, as you wish. The secret lies in the mixture which the modern alchemists, Messrs. Whall and Lundin, have discovered, and the United States Steel Company own the patents thereon both in this and twenty-three foreign countries. The public is slow to take advantage of a revolutionary invention, but once its efficiency is proved it rushes to profit by it—namely, the trolley and the telephone. The plant of the United States Steel Company is at Everett, almost within the city limits of Boston, in the very heart of the manufacturers of New England, who are taking more and more advantage of a manifestly good opportunity to exchange their broken steel machinery for new parts cast within a short distance of their doors. Not only is the cost of the parts reduced, but valuable time and freights to the steel mills of Pennsylvania are saved. So popular has Jupiter Steel become that it is necessary to enlarge the plant to five times its present capacity, the main building being two hundred feet long by one hundred and thirty feet in width, and government work and local orders have multiplied until there is on hand sufficient work for six months ahead, of the most profitable description. The works are in charge of Mr. Eugene Edwards, formerly superintendent of the steel casting plant of the well-known General Electric Company, at Lynn, Mass., and Mr. Benjamin A. Franklin, until recently superintendent of the steel casting department of the Midvale Steel Company, of Pennsylvania (valued at $20,000,000). Their combined and long experience gives the Company the advantage of a rare combination of expert talent.

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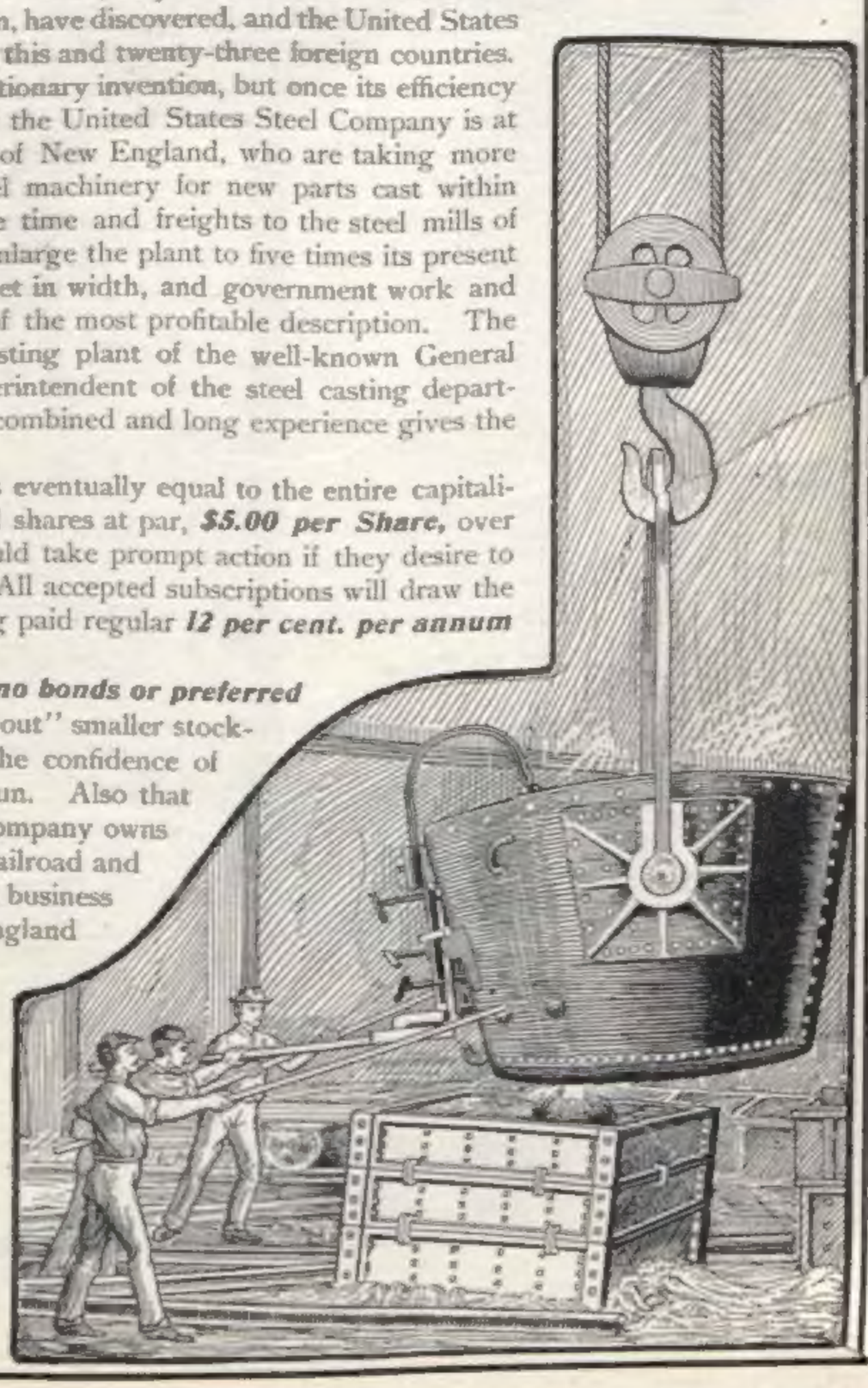

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Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

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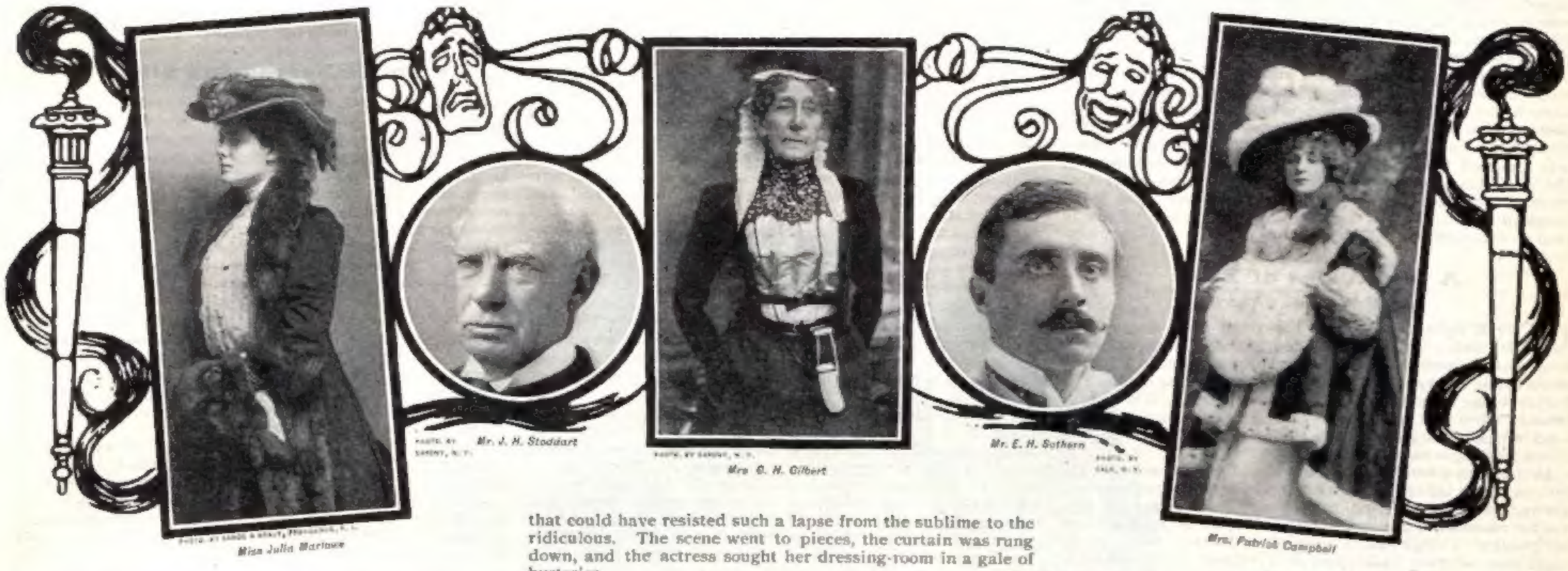
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 174 — PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1, 1902 — NUMBER 35

Presence of Mind on the Stage



Miss Julia Marlowe — Mr. J. H. Stoddart — Mrs. G. H. Gilbert — Mr. E. H. Sothern — Mrs. Patrick Campbell

In the Face of the Ridiculous

By Julia Marlowe

I SUPPOSE it may be that inexplicable hysteria which sometimes lays hold of rational people and makes them laugh in church or even at a funeral service which also is accountable for the evil tricks a player's mind often serves him, causing him to laugh in the most serious and vital situation of a performance. You cannot say that such an incident is always the result of a highly developed sense of humor, because it is not always a really funny happening that will put a whole company to rout and drive sensible actors into gales of foolish, almost uncontrollable, mirth. Invariably it is in some fine, serious moment that these mad moods overtake one. The best one can hope for is, not to control a senseless impulse to laugh, but to seek refuge behind some other actor, or in a sheltered part of the stage, until the audience shall have ceased to notice that something has gone agley.

Of course, it is a lapsus linguæ that usually furnishes the occasion for a stage contretemps and a hysterical panic in the ranks of the company. The mistakes are frequently genuinely funny. Veteran actors take a certain pride in their stock of them, for more than one lapsus linguæ has passed into stage tradition and become classic. The old-timers can quote you scores, ranging all the way from the "I dab thee with my stagger" of the eighteenth century player, who thus ruined the great scene of a fine tragedy upon the night of its initial production at Drury Lane, to the very latest slip of the tongue perpetrated yesterday by some matinée idol on Broadway. A slip of the tongue is a most demoralizing thing, in that the actor who has once made it never can speak the line again without a sickening apprehension that he is going to repeat the slip in spite of himself.

In When Knighthood was in Flower there is a line running: "A wild night for such a ride—a desperate venture!" The actor in whose part it was, slipped on it at the first reading, and made it: "A wild ride for such a night—a desperate venture!" and, pausing to correct it, he was interrupted by the stage manager, a veteran, with this warning: "No, never mind trying to change it now, for if you do you will always balk on the line and spoil the speech. It makes sense as you have it, so don't try to change it unless it comes perfectly natural the next time." So thoroughly did he realize the disconcerting nature of even a slight lapsus linguæ upon a player when he sets out to mend the matter.

Perhaps one of the most trying contretemps that has occurred on the American stage in recent seasons overtook a sister artist of mine when she was giving the first performance of a serious and elaborate play, in an important American city. In the great emotional scene the sister of the character played by my friend falls at her feet in a passion of tears and entreaties. The heroine stoops to raise the stricken creature, and in tones that unite pleading and command cries: "Get up, Anne, get up!" On the evening in question one of that breed of imp-child, the gallery boy, amid the deathlike silence which followed the great outburst, clucked twice, after the manner of one starting a horse. It would have been a phenomenally self-restrained audience that could have resisted such a lapse from the sublime to the ridiculous. The scene went to pieces, the curtain was rung down, and the actress sought her dressing-room in a gale of hysterics.

I may add here that the gallery boy probably exerts, unconsciously, a wholesome restraint on both playwright and player. His sense of the ridiculous is positively gruesome, and no doubt it is the fear of some sacrilegious demonstration of his that keeps author and actor down to the level of sanity and warns them off the rocks of what Lowell denominated the "high-fa-lu-tin'" in literature and art. Possibly for this reason, if for no other, he is to be tolerated. It is largely in deference to this patron of the drama that stage kisses must be exchanged, particularly in the serious moments of a play, with the utmost tact, grace and delicacy. Otherwise his sibilant pursing of the lips will ruin your whole scene.

I have to confess that the extraneous influence which sometimes draws me out of the spirit of my part, and, once or twice, has made me laugh in the midst of a serious situation, arises from the fascination which faces of children in the audience have for me. I think perhaps few people realize how poignantly and completely every emotion children feel at a play is mirrored in their little countenances. I have watched them when their features seemed fairly wrinkled and knotted with the stress of their feelings. One small friend of mine occupied a box with his mother at a recent performance of "Knighthood," and though he could not have understood very clearly the scene in which Mary is hunted from door to door of the ballroom of the Palais des Tournelles by King Francis, he did conceive that his friend Miss Marlowe was in some grave trouble. Suddenly he shot bolt upright in his chair and, with the quaintest little gesture of despair and anxiety that I ever saw, cried out: "Mother, I can bear it no longer—I can bear it no longer!" Fortunately for me Brandon and Caskoden sprang through the secret panel at that instant and saved the day for Mary Tudor in more senses than one.

Rather disconcerting and certainly decidedly out of the picture was the spectacle which once greeted me in the tomb scene in Romeo and Juliet. Just as I spoke Juliet's piteous reproach over the body of her lover:

> O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
> To help me after?

I happened to glance into the wings and, it being a Saturday matinée performance, I was mentally jerked out of Sweet Verona and into the prosaic present by seeing the treasurer of the company handing Friar Laurence the roll of bills that made up his weekly salary, that reverend worthy meanwhile lifting the skirts of his robe to tuck the money into his very nineteenth century trousers which he had put on under his priestly garments so that he could make a hurried exit from the theatre after the fall of the curtain. I then and there introduced a new bit of business into my reading of Juliet, and burying my head on Romeo's shoulder indulged in what I prayed the audience would believe was a passion of sobs.

Other actresses besides myself have been completely upset in this same critical scene by the trick many Romeos have of falling on their dagger after the suicide in such a way that Juliet cannot reach the weapon to use it on herself. This is such a very important and trying scene that an actress' stage manager and maid usually stand in the wings watching her closely. If Romeo in his death throes does happen to lie with his dagger under him you can imagine what effect it must have on Juliet, who meanwhile is madly searching for the instrument, to hear her people in the wings whispering hoarsely, "Roll over, sir, roll over!" or "You idiot, hunch an inch up stage, so madam can get that knife."

The venerable stage parent who puts on a new beard some night without forewarning his fond stage daughter is a not infrequent cause of the stage contretemps, for, you see, shop-made beards do tickle one's face dreadfully, particularly when they are new. Therefore, when daughter is to receive the paternal salute, it is best that she should not be startled into a sneeze or a fit of the giggles by a new set of hirsute adornments. Only a few nights ago the reconciliation scene in "Knighthood" almost went to pieces when the royal Henry brushed the Princess Mary's cheek with a particularly bristling and aggressive new beard.

The weird superstitions of stageland are accountable for many contretemps, and sometimes they are very serious ones. Some of the saliest and most brilliant players are devout believers in signs and omens. Possibly it is due to the unnatural and highly charged atmosphere in which they live, or it may be explained by the fact that so many successes and failures seem explicable only on the theory of supernatural interference. A trivial incident on the first night of a production may act upon people's nerves to such an extent that a highly important point in a play is lost or misinterpreted. Thereupon panic spreads through the company, the whole scene goes to pieces, and perhaps a production upon which thousands were expended passes into theatrical history as a failure. The incident which started the rout may have been so trivial that nobody can trace the way back to it. Hence the whole defeat is charged up to one of the thousand superstitions which flourish so luxuriantly amid the paint, powder and canvas of stageland.

A Death Not in the Play

By James K. Hackett

THE one occasion upon which I credit myself with real presence of mind, in face of the most trying circumstances, and in the prevention of what might have been a panic with probable loss of life, occurred in Williamsburg. We were playing The Pride of Jennico and had a crowded house. Moreover, I remember that the audience was most enthusiastic, and, as usual on such occasions, this stimulated the players to do their best.

Suddenly a man right down in the middle of the orchestra rose in his seat with the most blood-curdling cry I ever heard from human lips. It was an indescribable compound of pain, anguish and despair, such as a man utters but once in his life, and that at the moment he is leaving it. Although inarticulate, it was only too plainly the death cry of a man stricken with angina pectoris.

The play stopped instantly. I do not remember whether I was speaking or not, but for a moment the house was deathly still. Then the man fell back in his seat, and his little daughter—about thirteen years old, I should judge—who was his companion, commenced shrieking in heartrending tones: "Father, don't die!"

It is very difficult to see over the footlights, as people who have faced them know, and for a moment we on the stage could not tell exactly what was the trouble. But the audience made one concerted movement, like a great human herd about to break into a stampede. The same horror of sudden death which drives animals into sudden and reasonless stampedes was evidently upon the house. Hundreds rose in their seats prepared to make a rush the moment some one set the example.

I felt a nameless terror myself, but in a moment the situation flashed upon me. Here was a poor mortal stricken in death, but in a moment more hundreds might be crushed to death in a mad panic. I had experienced a theatre panic only the previous spring, when an electric short circuit filled Hooley's Theatre in Chicago full of smoke and drove the audience headlong out of doors. I was then playing Mercutio with the Maude Adams production of Romeo and Juliet, and, donning my overcoat, I rushed into the alley in the undress of a gentleman of Verona, to help panic-stricken women down the dizzy fire-escapes. Fortunately, no one was killed there, although many bones were broken, and many persons seriously injured.

This memory flashed over me, and I realized that I must check a panic at all hazards. Hardly knowing what to say I came to the footlights quickly, and assured the audience that there was no danger. The earnestness of my voice probably more than what I said served to quiet them; the poor fellow was removed from the theatre, and, after a decent interval, the performance was resumed. But the memory of that moment lingers with me still, and I can never cease being thankful for that flash of inspiration which prompted me to stop an incipient panic.

A Stitch Out of Time

By Mrs. G. H. Gilbert

OF THE eighty years of my life, thirty were spent under Mr. Daly's management except for a brief period when misfortunes came to him. While he was absent in England at that time I played in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Engaged. The author came over to conduct the rehearsals. When I was introduced to him he said: "What! I have come three thousand miles to escape one Mrs. Gilbert, and the first thing I do on landing is to meet another!"

In the days when I began we were obliged to start at the bottom of the ladder and work our way up by experience. I am very nervous in acting, and always have been; but it is the nervousness of anxiety to do my best for my manager and my public. Things have always seemed so real to me on the stage that, whether I take part in a piece or view a performance, I laugh and cry by turns, as the case may be. So my mind is always on the alert. But accidents will happen.

I was playing with Mr. Wallack in King Lear. It was Saturday night, and the last presentation of the piece, which was to be followed by a pantomime. Waiting for my entrance I sat in my dressing-room, just off the stage, and was sewing some spangles on my slippers for the Monday performance. I was playing the rôle of Goneril. A young girl in the piece had promised to call me when the first blowing of the trumpets announced the King's coming. My entrance had to be made on the instant of the second trumpet call and the beating at the gate. Sewing away, I was startled by what I knew to be the second call. The girl had forgotten me. Rushing on the stage I met the King, pacing to and fro, and mumbling, to keep up the scene.

As I threw up my hands to welcome the King, Mr. Wallack and I saw in the same instant something that filled me with dismay—I had forgotten to take off my thimble.

A Severe Stage Ordeal

By Henrietta Crosman

I HAVE never been obliged to save an audience from a stampede because of shouts of fire. It has really only been in the smaller things, the innumerable little incidents occurring on the stage, where my presence of mind has been called upon. In these little instances I have always, I think, successfully bridged over the awkwardness.

All of us have had to deal with stage waits and such things, but what is particularly recalled to my mind is the incident of my closing the Savoy Theatre in New York City last year. After a series of the most annoying and exciting incidents I was compelled, in a highly nervous condition, to go before the curtain and tell the audience, who as I came upon the stage looked at me with great expectancy, that there would be no performance that night. To do this I had to exert all my self-control, and when I went forward to tell them of my troubles I did not know whether I should break down or go successfully through the ordeal.

I think this instance was the most eventful in my stage career and called for the greatest effort in exerting my presence of mind that has been asked of me.

When the Piano Wouldn't Play

By Elsie de Wolfe

IN THE first act of Catherine, in the love scene between the Duke and the poor young music teacher, the penniless girl is supposed to heighten his admiration and his determination to marry her by her playing on the piano.

The piano had always been played off the stage, and a dummy piano, from which the sounding-board had been removed, was on the open scene.

On one occasion, Miss Russell seated herself at the dummy piano as usual and began the motions of playing. Not a sound came, and she and Mr. Worthing, who was playing the Duke, realized instantly that the pianist was missing from the other side of the drop.

Still Miss Russell kept up spasmodically the action of playing, hoping that it was only a delay, and that at any moment the pianist would arrive at her post. Still, the dreadful silence continued.

It was a trying situation. Miss Russell let her hands drop in her lap. It was hopeless.

"Don't you feel well?" asked the Duke.

"No," she replied; and I dare say she did not. Turning to me, she made a gesture signaling me to come on at once. I had been standing in the wings awaiting my cue, which was a certain bar of music. In fact, the entire scene turned on the music, as I was supposed to realize the Duke's dawning love from his expression as he watched the little music teacher play.

I dashed upon the stage, and Miss Russell rose from the piano, bowed, and left the room. I stood there not knowing how we should ever get out of it, as, during the entire scene—which was a very long one between Mr. Worthing and myself—there was constant reference to Catherine's beautiful playing. Everything had to be improvised as we went along. The author would have been surprised at that dialogue. Some of the things we said I never could recall, but I do know that we assured our audience of the Duke's love for the little music teacher, and gave her a most distinguished reputation as a pianist.

In a Burning Theatre

By E. H. Sothern

FORETHOUGHT is better than afterthought, and I always exercise every precaution possible to be prepared for emergencies. The duel scene, for instance, in An Enemy of the King is a difficult one, fought over the bed and across it. My sword was liable to break, and to guard against the possible contingency of an ending under anything but possible and realistic conditions, I had always extra swords concealed under the bed and behind the draperies. Then, in event of misfortune and a snapped blade, there was a clear way out of the dilemma.

But there are certain fatalities against which forethought is sometimes helpless, and the most terrible of these is fire. Then it is that all the presence of mind that an actor can command must be brought to bear, for the reason that the safety of his audience depends in vast measure upon it.

Two such demands I have been called upon to face. The first was a small affair at Bridgeport, Connecticut. It happened ten years ago when a grate set fire to a canvas setting while I was playing. With the help of the manager it was stifled in the wings, but not before we had both burned our hands pretty badly in the effort.

The second had no such happy ending: the fire of last spring at Cincinnati, while I was playing in a crowded theatre. The King, Queen and courtiers had left the stage and I had begun the lines of my scene when a mist seemed to rise before my eyes. Presently, creeping from near the boxes, I saw a coil of smoke. Then I realized what we had to face. Already the audience at the back of the house was in motion. There flashed through my mind the terror of theatre fires and the loss of life of which I had read and heard. I addressed the audience, begging them to go out quietly.

Recognizing an acquaintance in the front row I called to him to get out across the stage. As I helped him over the footlights, others saw and sought the same opportunity By this time my wife, Miss Harned, and the members of the company, seeing the rush of people across the stage, hurried on to find the cause of the trouble. They started at once to aid people in getting over the footlights. Things were going well when a man tried to fling himself from the balcony. My wife begged him not to jump and put fresh courage into him. On they moved, the mass of people above and below. It seemed hours, though in reality it was only minutes, as the smoke rolled in clouds that became each instant blacker and denser.

When my wife (who had refused to leave) went off the stage with me the flames were licking up between the boards.

In an Embarrassing Situation

By John Drew

PRESENCE of mind on the stage is, perhaps, part of the heredity through three generations ahead of me, just as my daughter may have it. But it is not alone mental alertness, but a feeling of the absolute significance of the scene above everything else. I am thankful to say that I have never been called upon to face a disaster, although I have been near to it.

Miss Rehan and I were one night playing in a piece, the name of which I do not remember—but that is neither here nor there—and were in the midst of a little conjugal quarrel. She looked past me with a change of expression entirely apart from the purpose of the scene. Following her eyes, I saw that the gas logs used in the stage setting had set fire to the scenery. To give any evidence of knowledge of it would create a panic. We walked slowly toward the fire, improvising as we went to fit the situation. When we got there I stopped, threw a rug over the blaze and smothered it. The alarm of the audience was averted.

Once, in A Night Off, in the scene I played with Otis Skinner, and which hinges on a pocketbook, the call-boy forgot to give it to me, and we came near to upsetting things generally. The man who is ambitious to have a past, but who has none, was waiting for the pocketbook which I was to lend him and which contained a lock of hair and some other little mementos to prove his gallantries. I put my hand into my pocket to get it. It was missing. The whole scene depended upon it. I tore madly off the stage, leaving him to face the situation, and he proved the hero of it. There he was, improvising: "Dear old Jack—as erratic as ever. Forgotten something, perhaps—likely his pocket-handkerchief——" and so he kept it up until I rushed back with the missing "property." The audience knew nothing, for he was very alert, but I was fearfully upset. We were all so strenuous in those days at Daly's that I felt I had done him some wrong, but he took it as delightfully as he had carried the day.

When the Unexpected Happens

By Mrs. Patrick Campbell

PRESENCE of mind on the stage is just the thing that is wanted, I should say. There are so many actors who are clever, talented, artistic and gifted, and yet they fail.

Why?

Because they lack personality.

And what is the great expression of personality?

Presence of mind.

The ability to do unexpected things at the right time, and to snatch success from failure by inventing a piece of business or speaking a line in a manner contrary to anything previously prepared or thought out. Presence of mind is the channel through which a strong personality comes into actual touch with the emergencies of life.

If you haven't got it, it is better not to adopt the stage as a profession. In the theatre the unexpected always happens.

(Concluded on Page 15)

The Sociability of Lemon's Bear

By ARTHUR STRINGER

HANK'S little fox-terrier Tige ran bristling to the shack door, snarling and yelping at an unknown something in the darkness without. I reached up for my rifle, but Hank pushed the dog aside with his foot and peered quietly out through the night.

While he stood there Tige shot suddenly out between his legs. The next moment we heard a quick, low grunt of mingled disdain and fright, and a huge black shadow shambled off into the blackness of the woods.

"Bear," growled Hank quietly, as he bolted the shack door and gently kicked Tige to his place behind the stove.

"Queer critters, them black bear!" said Hank tentatively, taking out his pipe. "Uncommon queer critters, ain't they?"

"Yes?" I answered, settling more comfortably before the fire.

"They be!" said Hank with conviction, striking a light.

Then came the usual pause while he pulled hard on his corn-cob. I knew that pause of old, and simply waited for what was to come.

"Las' spring," said Hank, "w'en I kind'er got my paint scratched off in thet log-jam on the upper Ottawa, thet 'ere sky-pilot over to Chobunck"—with an indefinite wave of the pipe—"uster come round an' read to me, thinkin' dead sure I was to be rafted out. Well, w'en I jes' uster lay ther' an' finger on my carcass for the busted ribs, 'bout the same as you'd finger on a pianner, he uster sit an' read a heap of them animal stories to me, knowin' I'd knocked round the bush a good bunch of my life, an' I s'pose thinkin' they'd tech me where my bacon hangs. He b'lieved all thet guff was straight pork an' beans, an' w'en he arst me in his confidin' way if I jes' didn't think animals wasn't almos' human an' hed 'bout the same feelin's an' thoughts as a human, I didn't hev the kidney to pull up his picket-pin on thet range. I dunno how it was, but I jes' das'ent tell him thet 'cordin' to my experience the ord'nary ev'ry-day animal is purty all-round low-down, an' thet the'r whole ten commandmen's is forage an' kill, jes' forage an' kill ev'ry time. I weren't goin' to be so ungrateful as to shatter thet nice young man's illoosions 'bout the heart-bleedin's an' the sentimentalizin's of a good healthy specimen of Canada lynx, so to speak. But I told him thet 'ere experience of Jim Lemon's an' his black bear, an' kind'er let him cant-hook his own concloosions out of thet yarn.

"Thet was the season w'en me an' Jim was prospectin' in the Selkirks, 'bout forty mile north of Rockin'-Tree Pass, jes' b'fore the railway went through.

"We was after gold, an' Jim an' me struck it purty rich up in Bull Crick. But we was layin' low an' sayin' nothin' 'bout it. W'en a stranger blew into camp an' kind'er rapped for a show-down, Jim an' me was jes' lookin' for w'ite sulphur springs to cure our rheumatiz with.

"We hed to freight in all our grub an' stuff over the mountains, but purty soon we slung up a tidy little shack 'bout two miles off in the bush so's not to put on too much dog an' give the claim away. An' 'bout six ev'ry mornin' me an' Jim was a-shovellin' away, puttin' the dirt through our two grizzlies hot-foot-like, scratchin' up thet claim like badgers on the sunny side of a hogback. In them first few weeks I s'pose we was washin' up 'bout forty bucks a day.

"Jim hed his bark on all right, but he hed notions. I guess w'at ailed Jim was he was troubled with too much feelin', for w'en you rubbed Jim's fur the right way an' it came to sociability, Jim was packed for more'n he could carry. Once you'd worked on Jim's feelin's he'd give you the fillin's out of his front grinders. But the next minut', like as not, he'd be cussin' you up hill an' down dale. His name fitted him purty good, I guess, for he hed eyebrows an' hair thet was a genooine lemon-color, an' he was all right till you got squeezin' him. Well, one night me an' Jim came back from the Crick with our wash-up, an' we hed no sooner shoved our faces inside thet shack w'en Jim sez: 'Some one's bin here!'

"Then he nosed round an' announces mighty solemn thet our twenty pound of jerked beef was gone. Thet puzzled poor Jim a heap, for we knowed well enough ther' weren't no human within forty mile of our shack. But it took me 'bout three shakes to find tracks outside the shack an' see quick enough it was nuthin' more'n a black bear. W'en I told Jim thet he tore round like mad, an' loaded up the two rifles an' said he'd lay fer thet bear till the cows came home an' blow the everlastin' daylights out of him.

"Well, Jim cooled down somewhat by mornin' an' guessed he'd go 'long with me down to the Crick, only we was speshul careful 'bout lockin' up the shack. But, sure 'nough, w'en we got back thet night 'bout half a dozen roof-slabs was pulled off'n the shack an' our last side of bacon was gone. Thet was gittin' ruther serious, but I never seen a man carry on worse'n Jim thet night. He went on as though he wanted to eat thet bear alive, so I jes' got him to lay off a day or two w'ile we waited round fer the varmint with the rifles on the table, playin' draw poker jes' to kill the time. But Old Saskatoons didn't show up, howsomever, an' as Jim hed the gold-fever purty bad thet spring we went back to work agin on the Crick.

"Thet night w'en we got back we found a fair-sized hole dug up under the shack an' our flour sack gone.

"Jim was beyond swearin' thet time. He jes' got kind'er w'ite an' set down to think. An' w'en Jim thinks you allus hev to telegraph ahead fer rooms. I sed, poison the varmint. Jim said poison was a danged sight too easy death for such a low-down cuss, an' besides, sez he, ther' weren't no poison worse'n my green tea within forty mile of camp.

"Ther' was Jim, as cool as a Manitoba cucumber, sittin' on one side of the table, an' on the other side was Jim's bear"

"Poor Jim went to bed worryin' over how to git thet bear. Next day he was movin' round b'fore daylight, an' I jes' lay in the bunk ther' watchin' him. First thing he did was to haul out the demijohn of rum, an' notwithstandin' the fact thet Jim was uncommon fond of raw spirit, I seen him wag his head very wise-like an' pour out—well, 'bout two quart of thet rum into a bread-pan, an' mix it up with 'bout a quart of molasses. 'There!' sez Jim to hisself; 'I guess thet bear's almost as good as gone this hand.' An' Jim ought to hev known, for if any cuss in the Northwest knew w'at Hudson Bay rum could do it was Jim, I guess.

"Well, next afternoon up at the Crick Jim was thet anxious to go an' see 'bout ropin' down his bear thet he quit early. I jes' come on after him in 'bout half an hour, kind'er leexurely. W'en I got purty close up on the shack it struck me I heard Jim's voice, so I stalked up oncommon quiet.

"W'at I saw w'en I looked in thet shack near gev me the treemers. Ther' was Jim, as cool as a Manitoba cucumber, sittin' on one side of the table, an' on the other side was Jim's bear, standin' up on his hind legs with his two front paws restin' nice an' easy on the table, same as Jim's arms. An' ther' Jim was a sittin' with a kind'er earnest, studyin' look on his face, an' ther' stood the bear, blinkin' his little eyes at Jim an' lookin' as compan'able as a Piegan squaw in a tea-shop. An' thet cuss Jim was a-talkin' away to thet bear like the varmint understood ev'ry word.

"'I hate to hev to do it, Old Saskatoons,' said Jim as I came along, pickin' up his rifle uncommon slow an' bringin' it round agin' the bear's left lung; 'I hate to hev to do it, fer it seems uncommon like killin' a human, but you know you took thet beef an' thet bacon an' flour, an' Hank sez I hev to take it out 'er you!' An' with thet Jim took aim.

"But ther' stood the bear, blinkin' his eyes at Jim, like as though they was both in the same lodge. W'ile Jim was feelin' in his fur after his heart, not carin' to take chances in a nine by twelve shack, an' his finger was playin' kind'er nervous on the trigger, why, thet bear gave a grin with his chops, an' jes' up with his paw an' shoved Jim's rifle-barrel aside like he was fannin' away a fly. Then he looked at Jim very knowin', an' I'll be 'tarnally hanged if he didn't grin.

"Jim put down his rifle. 'I ain't got the heart,' he said. An' at thet the bear reached out his paw an' lay it ruther reprovin'-like in the empty bread-pan.

"Jim saw w'at thet meant, so he drains the molasses jug, an' pours out the last of the rum, an' sez: 'All right, my friend; hev one on the house if you like!'

"Now Jim was uncommon fond of his nose-paint, an' it kind'er upset me to see him thet generous with an ord'nary, onery, low-down, thievin' black bear. An' w'ile I stood ther' I could see Old Saskatoons lickin' up his drink with his thin red tongue like a Chinook wind lickin' up snow. Then he wipes off his chops with his paw, much like you or me would do after takin' something an' enjoyin' it, an' stood ther' blinkin' an' winkin' across the table at Jim as sociable as you please. An' then Jim reaches over an' gives Mister Broon an uncommon stiff poke in the ribs. An' I s'pose Jim would hev been puttin' him to sleep in my bunk if I hedn't come in then an' arst uncommon stern w'at in the name of all the sarpints he was doin' with thet bear.

"'S-s-s-s-h, Hank!' sez Jim very soft. 'Don't hurt his feelin's, Hank; he's on to ev'ry word you say!' Then Jim explained very solemn to the bear thet I was jes' his bunkie, an' thet he needn't git nervous or do any worryin' 'bout me. An' I'll be hanged if thet bear didn't wag his head, an' turn an' size me up, same as if he understood.

"'Jes' look at him, Hank!' sez Jim. 'Ain't he human, though?' An' Jim almost danced up an' down with delight.

"'Yas, he's human enough,' I said, gittin' ruther hot up the back. 'But I'm goin' to ventilate his internals with this here rifle w'ile we've got him in the home circle.'

"'W'at!' said Jim. 'You ain't a-goin' to do murder, Hank!' I never seen Jim take nothin' to heart like thet bear-killin'. 'W'y, Hank,' said he, 'it 'ud be like killin' your own brother!'

"'Mebby,' I said; 'but I do thet ventilatin' jes' the same!'

"'It ain't fair an' square, Hank,' sez Jim; 'it ain't fair an' square w'en a pore, unedicated critter opens up his heart to yern thet way, to go an' presoom on his kind feelin's. We hev sot here together like man to man, an' now, seein' as he is a trifle unsteady on his pins, I'm goin' to do the decent thing an' 'scort him home. It's the Law of Blanket an' Grub, Hank, an' yer knows it in yer heart!'

"Seein' it was Jim's bear an' thet he hed him first, I agreed on this, but it gave me an uncommon creepy feelin' to see thet bear an' Jim walkin' off together like two brothers.

"Jim took him down the trail 'bout half a mile, an' with his face as solemn as an owl he said good-night to him. 'Now jes' give us a shake, old friend, to show ther's no hard feelin's!' I heard Jim say, kind of shaky in the voice.

"Well, it were jes' 'bout thet time Jim discovered thet a varmint is always a varmint. Now, mind you, Jim hed give thet bear the best we hed in the house, he hed spoke nothin' but kind words to him, an' he hed treated him like a brother, but I'll be tarnally hanged if thet same bear didn't up an' give Jim a smash on the side of the head with his paw, an' then a smash on the other side, an' then a few long sweeps thet took off most of Jim's clo'es above the belt an' left him from the waist up 'bout as bare as the day he were born. In the scrap Jim kinder rolled over hisself three or four times, an' lay there purty dazed for a minute. But it settled Jim's feelin's for the bear. I ain't repeatin' Jim's language, but he jes' whipped out his seven-shooter, an' ther' was some genooine ventilatin' goin' on b'fore it was empty.

"I hed seen all I wanted, so I cut home, an' w'en Jim got back I was sittin' very quiet, smokin' by the fire.

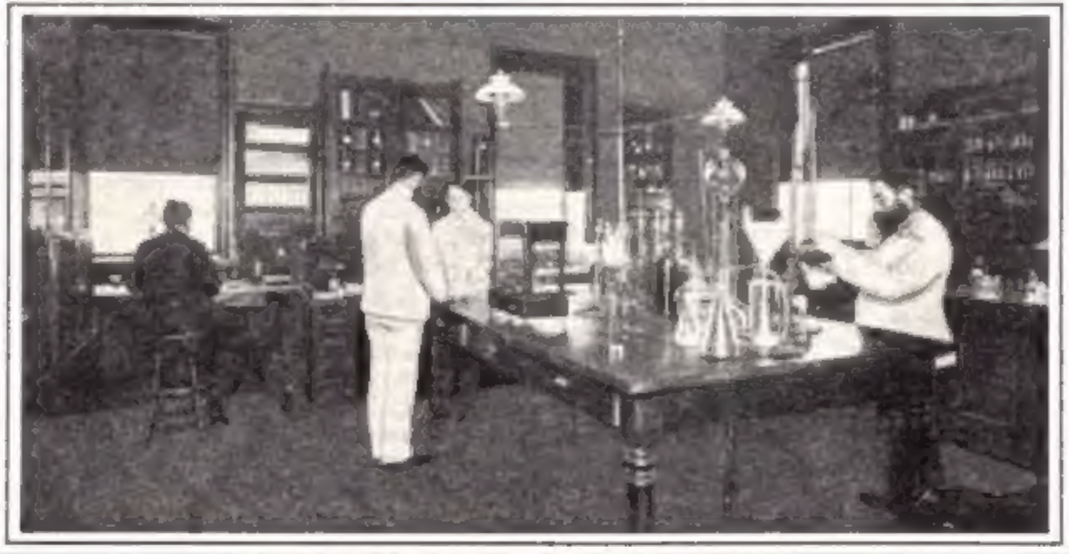
"'I was jes' thinkin' 'bout thet bear of yours, Jim,' I sez to him, without lookin' up. 'Thet was an uncommon human kind of bear, weren't he?'

"'Mebby!' said Jim, ruther cold.

"'Well, I was thinkin', Jim, thet we might git a nice human bear like him somewheres, an' jes' train him to work the dirt through the grizzly for us down on the Crick, eh?'

"Jim gave me one uncommon cur'us look, an' then went out in the woods an' did some hard thinkin'."

HOW VACCINATION PROTECTS US AGAINST SMALLPOX



Laboratory for the study of disease-producing germs

By Joseph McFarland M. D.

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THE recent outbreak of smallpox in our country has aroused unusual activity among the health authorities in securing for us the advantages of vaccination. This has been followed by a revival of efforts among persons who, though often actuated by sincere motives, are sometimes influenced by personal prejudices, and in nearly all cases by lack of information, to destroy confidence in this greatest of all prophylactic measures. This sentiment is almost entirely confined to the laity.

A survey of the conditions existing in the Middle Ages, and indeed in our own times to within a half-century ago, reveals a state of affairs almost incredible. Smallpox existed in nearly every civilized community almost all the time, and broke out in occasional epidemics by which a great part of the population of a city or village was destroyed. Every one had or expected to have smallpox, and faces unmarked by it were rare. What a change one half-century has made! At the present time smallpox is a rare disease in Europe and America, though in Oriental countries it is as common to-day as it formerly was in Europe; and there is no reason to believe it would not be so common as formerly in our own country had not vaccination become universally approved and been made more or less obligatory.

It is incontrovertible that in countries in which vaccination is practiced smallpox is not common; in countries in which it is widely practiced it is rare, and in that country in which it is universally practiced, Germany, it scarcely exists. The opponents of vaccination attribute the reduction in the smallpox mortality in civilized countries to the generally improved sanitary conditions. This theory is not borne out by fact. Smallpox may occur, under the very best sanitary conditions, in communities not protected by vaccination. In Germany, where the lower class live to-day under conditions almost identical with those of one hundred years ago, smallpox does not exist. Furthermore, nearly all of those persons who have suffered from smallpox during the present epidemic have not been properly, successfully or sufficiently vaccinated.

Immunity and What It Is

The protection which vaccination affords depends upon a condition, observed in nearly all of the infectious diseases, known as immunity. Immunity means *power to resist disease*. Some animals are immune by nature, sometimes against one, sometimes against many diseases, this being known as natural immunity. Dogs, for example, are immune against smallpox; and its cause, therefore, is unable to affect them. We do not know through what means the tissues of the dog are able to protect themselves against the smallpox germ. Man, horses, mice and guinea-pigs are susceptible to tetanus or lockjaw, and when the microörganism of lockjaw enters one of them through some wound, it meets with no hindrance, is able to grow and produce its specific poison which, acting upon the nerve centres of the brain and spinal cord, produces violent muscular spasms, which cause death. Fowls of various kinds are immune against tetanus; and even if the germs of the disease are intentionally introduced into their bodies they are able to resist these organisms and show no disease from their presence. Human beings, guinea-pigs and various other animals are susceptible to diphtheria, but rats are naturally immune, and though enough diphtheria poison to kill a human being be introduced into a rat, it produces no disease. Among susceptible animals, we find occasional individuals resisting disease better than others. Thus, among human beings certain infectious diseases occur chiefly in childhood and are known as children's diseases—adults, through some change that takes place in their vital activities, becoming immune. Again, it is found that during an epidemic of any infectious disease, some persons resist the disease because of an individual immunity that they possess.

Immunity, not natural, may be acquired in various ways. Thus, by having had certain diseases we become immune against future attacks. This is *acquired immunity*. Every one knows how common it is for children to suffer from second attacks of measles, chicken-pox, scarlet fever and mumps. Among adults second attacks of typhoid fever are rare and second attacks of yellow fever almost unknown. In the course of these diseases, therefore, the body is, in some way, changed so that it remains subsequently protected, or, to use the technical expression, has an *acquired immunity*.

Editor's Note—A second paper on this subject, answering the objections to vaccination as a preventive measure, will appear next week.

A few diseases leave no immunity; thus, diphtheria may occur repeatedly. A few diseases confer no immunity, but leave the patient predisposed to future attacks, rheumatism being a type of this class. Acquired immunity is of variable duration: after yellow fever and smallpox it is almost permanent; measles leaves a much less permanent immunity, and nearly all of us count among our acquaintance children who have had two attacks; diphtheria leaves almost no immunity, and after the lapse of a few weeks the protection afforded by an attack of the disease may disappear.

Immunity Artificially Produced

Laboratory experiments show that immunity can be conferred by a variety of artificial means, among which may be mentioned the production of a mild form of disease by the inoculation of the body with what are called attenuated germs. Thus, the anti-cholera vaccination which has been tried with good results in India, and the anti-anthrax vaccinations by which thousands of cattle are every year saved from death from splenic fever, are accomplished by the introduction, into the bodies of the men and animals to be protected, of attenuated, living organisms of the respective diseases. Bacteria can be attenuated by exposure to heat or injurious chemical agents, and then produce a mild infection more or less closely resembling the original disease. Without doing any serious harm to the individual, they change his constitution precisely in the same manner as an attack of the disease would do and confer upon him an immunity identical with that resulting from an attack of the disease. To accomplish the production of this artificial immunity it may not be necessary to introduce live bacteria at all, the introduction of their products frequently sufficing to confer immunity upon the individual. This is well illustrated in the vaccination against plague, suggested by Haffkine, who found that when a small quantity of a very poisonous dead culture of the plague bacillus is introduced into the body, it produces a mild illness, succeeded for a number of weeks by immunity.

Vaccination, or vaccination against smallpox, as we must now specify it, since various other forms of vaccination have been mentioned, brings about a form of immunity similar to some of the forms already mentioned. It confers upon the vaccinated individual a resistance or immunity against smallpox which depends upon the occurrence of vaccinia, a disease related to smallpox and possibly at one time identical with it, but differing from it in its mildness, its local manifestations and its lack of contagiousness.

Before anything was known about vaccination against smallpox, and from unknown antiquity, a form of prophylaxis, or disease prevention, was practiced in China and other of the Oriental countries. The result was the occurrence of an attack of smallpox which sometimes proved fatal, though usually it was very mild.

The practice of inoculation or variolation, was introduced into Western Europe from Turkey, in 1718, by Lady Montagu.

The history of vaccination is so well known that but a brief mention of it is necessary. When smallpox was an everyday disease domestic animals occasionally suffered from eruptive, epidemic diseases, which bore a certain resemblance to it. Among these may be cited vaccinia of the cow and ovinia of the sheep.

Edward Jenner and His Discovery

A brief digression must now be made to call attention to the fact that the microörganisms of disease produce different manifestations in different animals, and that in those cases in which we can successfully inoculate the diseases of man into the domestic animals, the maladies from which they suffer bear but a partial resemblance to the diseases as we know them in man. Thus, though in man smallpox takes the form of a general febrile affection with an eruption all over the skin, the cow when invaded by the same disease germs suffers from a pustular eruption limited to the udder and teats. From its location and the contact with the fingers of milkers it was not an uncommon accident that this modified disease should be communicated to the hands of the milkmaids and dairymen. Curiously enough, those who suffered from this modified and local affection acquired from the cow were found by experience to be immune against smallpox. A number of physicians both in Germany and in England confirmed this observation and early recorded it, but it remained for the genius of Edward Jenner to suggest, in 1798, a practical and systematic use of it. Having learned the particulars known to the dairymen and milkmaids, Jenner made an experimental inoculation upon a young lad who had not had the smallpox, inoculating him on the arm with the disease contracted from the udder of a cow. He watched the progress of the resulting lesion through its various stages, and after the boy's complete recovery inoculated him with smallpox and found him entirely immune. This led to a prolonged series of investigations and experimental inoculations on the part of Jenner, whose publications and contributions to various learned societies shortly attracted widespread attention and interest. It is entirely through the efforts of Jenner that the vaccination against smallpox has become a practical and valuable measure.

From experiments which have been recently made there can be no doubt of the close relationship which exists between vaccinia, the disease of the cow, and variola, the smallpox of man. The dissimilarity of the diseases depends upon the difference between the constitution of the cow and the human being. It is the same kind of difference that permits certain animals to be susceptible, other animals to be occasionally susceptible, and still other animals to be immune against a disease. The cow does not acquire smallpox, but its modified form called cowpox. The cow does not suffer from the general disease, variola, but from the local disease, vaccinia. In what way the constitution of the cow determines that the disease shall be local instead of general cannot at present be explained. The difference in the behavior of the organism in the man and in the cow depends upon the difference in environment. In the unfavorable environment of the cow's tissues the smallpox germs become changed, crippled or "attenuated" as it is called, and are thus rendered less able to grow in man than they originally were, so that when they reenter man, instead of producing smallpox, they produce vaccinia or cowpox. It is cowpox which confers upon him a certain degree of immunity to virulent smallpox germs and enables him to resist any ordinary infection. The immunity which thus results from vaccination is subject to the usual variations—that is to say, in some cases it is almost permanent, in other cases it is of prolonged, in still other cases of short duration. The duration varies according to conditions that can be neither regulated nor predetermined, but rest entirely upon the peculiarity of the individual. It is on this account that revaccination is necessary, for experience has shown that the immunity frequently wanes in the course of five or seven years, so that a vaccination performed in infancy may cease to be useful about the time a child is ready to go to school. A second vaccination usually confers an immunity that persists throughout life, though perhaps for safety it is better to have a third operation in early adult life, and, as the permanence of immunity is uncertain, those who have not been successfully vaccinated for years should have the operation repeated whenever a serious epidemic occurs.

Why Vaccination is Sometimes Unsuccessful

Interesting variations may be observed. Some persons seem to possess a natural immunity to vaccinia, and though often repeated, vaccination upon them never "takes." It is commonly supposed that such persons are also immune to smallpox, though this is not necessarily true, as the virulence of the unmodified smallpox germs is so much greater than that of the vaccinia germs that they may successfully infect, though the latter fail. In other cases the duration of the immunity following the primary or original vaccination lasts so many years that it may be late in life before vaccination can be successfully repeated. In still other cases the duration of immunity may be so short that a "take" results almost as often as the vaccination is performed and the individual is afforded very little protection by it. Such cases are, however, exceptional, and the average individual, having been successfully vaccinated in infancy and again in childhood, thereafter remains immune to smallpox for many years. The exceptions not being understood by the laity, and even by some of the medical profession, furnish the grounds for controversy concerning the value of vaccination. To the thoughtful individual vaccination is not so much a protection to the individual as to the community, so that though any vaccinated individual may be an exception to the rule, in not being immune to smallpox, in a thoroughly vaccinated community so few such exceptions really occur that his chance of accidental exposure to the disease is reduced to a minimum.

The vaccinations practiced by Jenner and his contemporaries consisted of the transfer of vaccine virus from a pustule upon the udder of a cow to the arm of the human being, or the transfer of virus from the arm of the first one vaccinated to the arms of others. The only modification of this method was the use of dry crusts for vaccination where circumstances made it difficult or impossible to use immediate transfers. Numerous objections to this mode of practice were shortly recognized both by the public and the profession, and many of the misfortunes which are responsible for a large measure of the feeling against vaccination depended upon accidents which were inevitable at that time.

Virus from the Cow the Safest

Probably much less disadvantage attends the immediate inoculation of the human being from the cow than the inoculation of human being from human being, as the cow is immune to many of the diseases which affect man, and the transfer of virus from cow to man is, therefore, less apt to carry with it human systemic diseases or even serious local diseases than is that of virus taken from the human arm. At the time when the prophylactic measures were evolved nothing was known about the infectious diseases or their origin, and, the cause of the transmitted diseases being unknown, no rational measures for their prevention could be adopted, nor could the occurrence of unfortunate accidents in the way of infection be explained. At the present time, with our present knowledge, we cannot but look with regret upon the operative measures employed by a misinformed but sincere profession. These regrets do not apply to the accidents of vaccination only, but include the great army of men and women who lost their lives in consequence of surgical infections of various forms, all of which we now know perfectly well how to prevent.

It is a fact of immunity that when a microörganism is frequently transferred from animal to animal for which it is infectious—that is, capable of causing disease—it becomes more and more virulent, or harmful, with each transplantation. It is also true that when a microörganism harmful for one animal is placed in another for which it is harmless, it is destroyed. The importance of this in the propagation of vaccine virus must be evident to every one. When virus is repeatedly transferred by vaccination from one child to another, any harmful microörganisms that it may contain rapidly increase in virulence until the most serious disaster may follow their unintentional introduction with the vaccine virus, whereas when the virus contains some microörganism harmful to man and is inoculated into a cow the greater number of these microörganisms die, and when the virus is again implanted in man only the vaccine organisms survive. This makes it rational to use vaccine virus secured from the cow only.

The Essentials of Successful Vaccination

The use of the animal virus now generally adopted has these marked advantages: the animal used for the propagation of the virus can be carefully selected and known to be in perfect health; it is immune against the majority of the diseases of human beings, and should the calf used for the purpose suffer from some obscure disease of its own kind, it would be in almost all cases non-transmissible to man. The result is that there can be secured from the calf a virus which, though active in the protection it affords against smallpox, is comparatively harmless to human beings.

With our modern information concerning bacteria, the investigation of vaccine virus became imperative and revealed the fact that every virus, whether secured from human or bovine sources, contains microörganisms belonging to three important groups: (1) the essential specific microörganisms of vaccinia whose presence is absolutely necessary; (2) those which habitually live upon the skin of both men and animals; (3) those of the atmosphere and dust which accidentally find their way into the virus. The great majority of the organisms are harmless, yet at the same time no thoughtful man desires to introduce either into himself or into his patients any microörganisms of known or unknown quality without due regard for the possible outcome. It has, therefore, become desirable to secure a virus in which no bacteria are present; but here we are confronted by a very confusing problem. How are we to destroy the microörganisms we do not want, and yet retain those organisms which are necessary to occasion the vaccine disease?

Dry vaccine points contain the greatest number of bacteria and are, therefore, considered to be less elegant than the more modern glycerinized preparation in which the bacteria are slowly destroyed by the action of the glycerine. The use of glycerine for the purpose of thus destroying the bacteria contained in the vaccine virus was first explained by Dr. S. Monckton Copeman, in a paper presented to the International Congress of Hygiene, held in London in 1891. As glycerine has but feeble germicidal power, the death of the bacteria contained in the virus occurs very slowly, though the rapidity varies somewhat with that of the temperature at which it is kept. Curiously enough the vaccinia germ, because of some peculiarity of its own, resists the action of the glycerine longer than does any other organism; and by the time all other organisms are killed, its own vitality is threatened and it does not long survive. Glycerinized virus must, therefore, remain long enough in contact with the glycerine to have the contained bacteria destroyed, but not long enough to have the vaccinia organisms also destroyed. The date at which the latter is to be expected is stamped upon the package of every reputable dealer.

In dry vaccine, such as is spread upon the ivory points, the vaccine organism dies before many of the bacteria, and again the date up to which their serviceability is certain must also be known.

Industrial Chemistry

ARTIFICIAL attar of roses is in sight. Chemists have good hopes of making quinine by synthesis. With morphine—one of a dozen alkaloids of opium—they are experimenting in the same direction, and a like remark applies to atropine. Artificial mustard oil is preferred by physicians to the real article on account of its greater purity. Oil of bitter almonds is another synthetic achievement: it has the same flavor as the real, though chemically different. Citric acid, which is the sour of the lemon, has been reproduced; likewise lactic acid, which is the sour principle of sour milk. Salicylic acid, so valuable as a preservative and as a remedy for rheumatism, was obtained formerly from the wintergreen plant and was very costly; now it is cheap and manufactured by the ton from carbolic acid. In its turn, artificial oil of wintergreen, derived from wood alcohol and salicylic acid, has driven the natural product out of the market entirely.

Synthetic rubber is made by combining with sulphur the oil expressed from corn germs. The product has many of the properties of caoutchouc, and promises soon to take the place of the real article to a large extent.

When the Allegash Drive Goes Through

By HOLMAN F. DAY—Author of Up in Maine

WE'RE spurred with the spikes in our soles;
There is water a-swash in our boots;
Our hands are hard-calloused by peavies and poles,
And we're drenched with the spume of the chutes.
We gather our herds at the head
Where the axes have toppled them loose,
And down from the hills where the rivers are fed
We harry the hemlock and spruce.

We hurroop them with the peavies from their sullen beds of snow;
With the pickpole for a goadstick, down the brimming streams we go;
They are hitching, they are halting, and they lurk and hide and dodge,
They sneak for skulking eddies, they bunt the bank and lodge.
And we almost can imagine that they hear the yell of saws
And the grunting of the grinders of the paper-mills, because
They loiter in the shallows and they cob-pile at the falls,
And they buck like ugly cattle where the broad deadwater crawls.
But we wallow in and welt 'em with the water to our waist,
For the driving pitch is dropping and the Drouth is gasping "Haste!"

Here a dam and there a jam, that is grabbed by grinning rocks,
Gnawed by the teeth of the ravening ledge that slavers at our flocks;
Twenty a month for daring Death; for fighting from dawn to dark—
Twenty and grub and a place to sleep in God's great public park;
We roofless go, with the cook's bateau to follow our hungry crew—
A billion of spruce and hell turned loose when the Allegash drive goes through.

My lad with the spurs at his heel
Has a cattle-ranch bronco to bust;
A thousand of Texans to wheedle and wheel
To market through smother and dust.
But I with the peavy and pole
Am driving the herds of the pine;
Grant to my brother what suits his soul,
But no bellowing brutes in mine.

He would wince to wade and wallow—and I hate a horse or steer!
But we stand the kings of herders—he for There and I for Here.
Though he rides with Death behind him when he rounds the wild stampede,
I will chop the jamming king-log and I'll match him, deed for deed.
And for me the greenwood savor and the lash across my face
Of the spitting spume that belches from the back-wash of the race;
The glory of the tumult where the tumbling torrent rolls
With a half a hundred drivers riding through with lunging poles.
Here's huzza for reckless chances! Here's hurrah for those who ride
Through the jaws of boiling sluices, yeasty white from side to side!
Our brawny fists are calloused and we're mostly holes and hair,
But if grit were golden bullion we'd have coin to spend, and spare!

Here some rips and there the lips of a whirlpool's bellowing mouth,
Death we clinch and Time we fight, for behind us gasps the Drouth.
Twenty a month, bateau for a home, and only a peep at town,
For our money is gone in a brace of nights after the drive is down;
But with peavies and poles and care-free souls our ragged and roofless crew
Swarms gayly along with whoop and song when the Allegash drive goes through.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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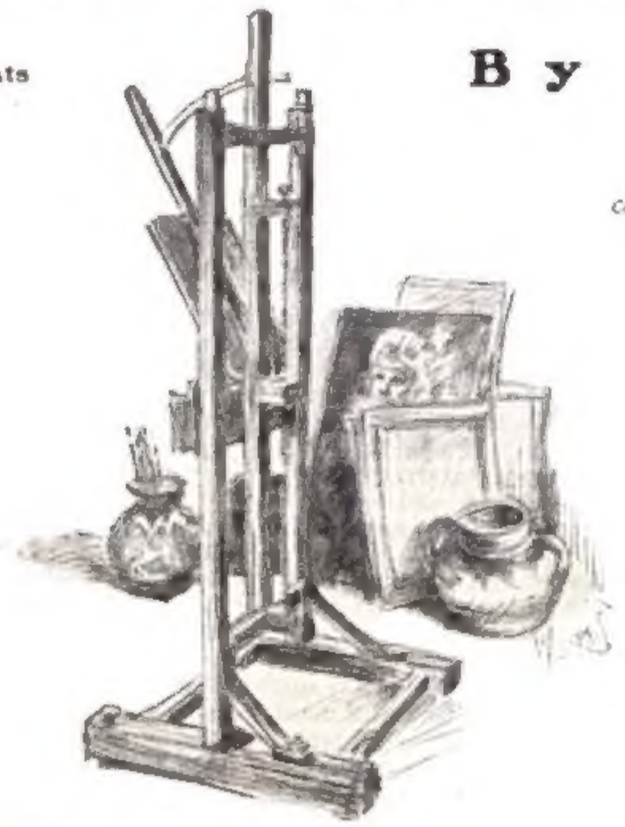
The Senator confronts new perplexities



TWENTY-THIRD CHAPTER

CURTIS was sitting alone in the library when a tap at his window announced the presence of Grayman.

Following a gesture the chieftain came in and, with a look on his face which expressed high resolution and keen sorrow, he said:

"The man who killed the herder is found. He has proclaimed himself at our council and he has ridden away into the hills."

"Who was he?"

"Cut-Finger."

"Ah! So? Well, you have done your duty. I will not ask you to arrest him. I hope—" he hesitated—"I hope your son was not with him?"

"'I alone did it,' he says."

"I am very glad," replied Curtis, looking into the old man's tremulous face. "Go home and sleep in peace."

There was nothing to be done that night and Curtis knew the habits of the Indians too well to be anxious about the criminal—he was not minded to run away; there was no place for him to go. Calling on one of his faithful police he said:

"Wolf Robe, saddle up your best pony. I want you to take a letter to Piñon City."

The man turned on his heel and went out as cheerfully as though he were going on an errand to the issue-house.

In his letter to the Sheriff Curtis said: "I have found the man. He is a reckless boy called Cut-Finger. Make out a warrant for Running Fox, called Cut-Finger, and I will deliver him to you. You will need no deputies. They will not be permitted to cross the line."

After Wolf Robe had galloped off Curtis laid down his pen and sat for a long time recalling the events of the evening. He was a little troubled to remember that Lawson and Elsie went away together. He could not prevent himself from going with them in imagination, and a pang of jealousy surprised him as he thought: "I never had the privilege of taking her arm."

He was still sitting in the same position when one of his men opened the door and handed him a sealed envelope. It was addressed quite formally, "To Capt. Geo. Curtis, Fort Smith," but the handwriting was Lawson's, neat, regular and as legible as print. Dismissing the messenger he read the letter swiftly. Then he re-read it very slowly. It was indeed worthy of it.

My dear Curtis: Men who know each other as well as we do can afford to be frank. I am persuaded that you are at present under a misapprehension with regard to Miss Brisbane and myself. We have never been engaged in any formal way. It is true the ring she wore was mine, but she accepted it under protest, as one might say, and it implied no promise on her part other than that, at the moment, she was willing to please me by wearing it. A few days ago she gave it back to me because (she said) she could no longer endure the half-promise which the ring seemed to imply. Now, I do not presume to say what induced her to do this, but I consider it only fair and honorable warfare to let you know that I have definitely given up the hope of ever being anything more than a friend.

I have put this into writing because just now I'd rather not speak to any one concerning a matter which so fundamentally affects my life. When we meet I hope you will assume this letter was never written.

With best wishes for your happiness,

OSBORNE LAWSON.

TWENTY-FOURTH CHAPTER

AMONG the other perplexities which assailed the Agent was the question of how to secure Cut-Finger without inciting further violence. No doubt the police would locate the man in some camp, perhaps that of Red Wolf, as he was known to be the farthest from the Agent's control as well as the most distant from civilization. Besides, having proclaimed himself, the young warrior might not resist arrest.

"He may have committed suicide," suggested Wilson as Curtis was discussing the matter with him the following morning.

"He may. That would be an easy way out of it—only it would not satisfy the ranchers. They are eager to be the instrument of vengeance."

On his return to the office after breakfast Curtis stopped at the door of Elsie's studio, his brain tingling with the thought that no other man's shadow stood between them now. She greeted him eagerly.

"The murderer proclaimed himself at a big council last night," he said.

"He did! Tell me about it!"

"I don't know exactly the hour, but the chieftains came to me about nine o'clock. You see it is a peculiarity of a red man that he cannot keep a secret from his tribe, and last night, as they sat in council, a young man suddenly leaped into the circle armed and in war-paint. If he had not uttered a word this act would have proclaimed him the man who had killed the herder. I know him well; he is a reckless, handsome, half-crazy young man, who cannot control himself. No doubt he had trouble with the herder and in the row shot him."

Curtis was still standing at the door when one of the policemen came up, more profoundly excited than he had been since the first invasion.

"Cut-Finger is on the hill," he signed and pointed to a height which rose like a monstrous beehive just behind the schoolhouse. On the rounded top, looking like a small monument on a colossal pedestal, sat a mounted warrior.

"What is he there for?" asked Curtis.

"He wants to fight like Raven Face. He wants to fight the cowboys. He don't want to hurt any one else—only the cowboys and their war chief."

"Where is Crow? I want this man arrested and brought to me. Why was he not arrested last night?"

"No one knew where he was. Now he will shoot any one who goes up the hill—he has said so."

Curtis mused a moment. "Can you send word to him?"

"I think so. His wife will go."

"Then tell him I will not let him fight. Tell him that shooting will do no good and that I want him to come down and see me."

The officer trotted away.

"What did he say?" asked Elsie. "What is that man on the hill for?"

"That is Cut-Finger, the guilty man. He is waiting the coming of the Sheriff to arrest him—he wants to fight."

A few minutes later Maynard came over. "What new development is this? Is this fellow on the hill running amuck?"

"It amounts to that. He proclaimed himself the murderer last night and now he is willing to die, but wants to die fighting."

"Good boy! Well, we can accommodate him. Say the word and I'll detail Sergeant McCune to pot him in first-class style."

"No—I don't want any shooting at all. When the time comes I will arrest him through my police force. My policy is to ignore him—starve him out of his heroics. He'll grow tired of this spectacular business after a while."

The whole Agency was again tremulous with excitement. The teachers, the scholars, the native employees were all gathered into chattering groups with eyes fixed on the motionless figure of the desperate young Tetong.

Behind him on the hills two squads of mounted warriors had gathered suddenly, and in the camps below was almost frenzied excitement. Several of the more excitable women broke into a war-song. Every one waited to see the Agent order the police to the fight. Elsie and Jennie and the Parkers joined the group around Curtis.

"What are you going to do?" asked Parker. "If the fellow really means to shoot of course no man can go up to him. You might send some soldiers, but that would seem absurd."

"Silence in the ranks!" said Maynard, and though he smiled as he said it Parker realized his mistake. He turned to Elsie and his wife. "I tell you, we'd better get out o' here. I feel just like a man sitting on a powder mine. There's no telling what's going to happen next. These people are just like tigers—a sniff o' blood and they're wild for battle."

Lawson turned toward him with a sarcastic grin. "I wish I'd realized the state of your nerves, Parker; I should have invited you to Asbury Beach instead of the Indian country."

Maynard brought his field glasses to bear on the desperado. "He has dismounted," he said. "He is squatted beside his horse, the bridle-rein on his arm, a rifle across his knees, and is faced this way. His attitude is resolute and sassy."

Curtis quietly said: "Now, friends, I wish you would all go in and pay no further attention to this man. So long as he sees us looking at him he will remain in his defiant pose. He will grow weary of sitting there before night if left alone."

"Quite right, Captain," replied Lawson, and the little knot of visitors broke up and dispersed to sheltered points of observation.

Under the same gentle pressure the employees went back to work and Cut-Finger was left to defy the wind and the sky. Even the Tetongs themselves grew tired of looking when nothing seemed likely to happen, and the forenoon wore away as usual, well filled with duties. Maynard's men got out for drill an hour later and wheeled and circled as if in play, their bugler's voice reaching the silent and motionless watcher on the hill like mocking laughter. The clink of the anvil also floated up to him on the hot, dry air, and just beneath him the children came forth at recess to play. He seemed to be forgotten by every one except a few young men who were riding to and fro on the hills behind him, growing each hour more impatient of his silence and purposeless waiting.

A dust down the road caught Curtis' attention. "Can that be the Sheriff? No, it is Crane's Voice and the mail."

Elsie's message from her father was brief. "Have no word from you—am en route for Piñon City. Not finding you there will cross to Agency at once."

Looking at the date she said: "Papa is coming—he may be on his way here to-day."

Curtis looked a little troubled. "I hope not; the roads are dusty and the sun is blazing."

"Cut-Finger has left the hill," announced Jennie from the doorway; "he is nowhere to be seen."

"Now he will submit to arrest!" exclaimed Curtis. "His fine frenzy is gone."

"I'm sorry," Elsie soberly exclaimed. "I hate to see him given up to that stupid Sheriff."

"It must be done," replied Curtis, "even if I have to go and get him myself."

As Curtis went back to his office the headlines of the papers he had just glanced at began to burn in his brain. Hitherto his name had been most inconspicuous in print. Once or twice he had achieved long primer—but mainly he had kept to the security and dignity of brevier notices in the Army and Navy Journal. Now here it was blazoned in ill-smelling ink, on wood-pulp paper in letters half an inch in height, and the articles were of the most abusive character. Though in the editorial columns of the Copper City papers the accusations were adroitly veiled, they were none the less apparent. Though he smiled on all this, he shrank from it as he would have done had some street gamin flung a handful of black slime across the breast of his uniform.

Wilson looked up with a grin. "Well, Major, the politicians are getting in their work on us."

"They are so. We may expect an army of reporters to-night."

"The wonder is they haven't got here before. They must be really nervous. Crane's Voice said some white men wanted to come with him, but he slipped away from them."

"The Sheriff is likely to pull in about six o'clock."

"Will you try to arrest Cut-Finger to-night?"

"No, not till morning. The police will locate him and stay with him to-night, and to-morrow morning I will go and see if I can get him myself. I don't want any shooting if it can be avoided. What is it, Heavy Breast?" he asked of a large man who entered at the moment, his eyes bright with information.

"White man coming."

Curtis rose. "The Sheriff probably."

Three carriages were approaching rapidly—one a rather pretentious family surrey, the others the ordinary open buckboard. In the first seat of the surrey sat a gray-haired man.

"It is Senator Brisbane!" Curtis said to Wilson. "The Sheriff is behind him." A keen pang of anticipated loss came to him, for he knew very well that Brisbane had come to take his daughter away. But no sign of his sudden weakness appeared as he went to the gate to meet his distinguished visitor.

TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER

THE ex-Senator was hot, weary and angry. He had arrived in Piñon City on the early train, just as the County Attorney and the Sheriff were about to set forth. A few words with these officials calmed his fears for his daughter, but increased his irritation toward Curtis. Leaving orders for another team to follow he had taken passage with Winters, an action he regretted at once. The seats were too low and too narrow for his vast bulk, and his knees grew weary of their cramped position. The wind being from the plain was hot and insolent, bringing no relief and filling the carriage with dust. Altogether the conditions of his ride had been torturing and he had ridden the latter part of it in grim silence.

No one spoke till Curtis, having paced calmly down to the gate and into the road, greeted them pleasantly.

"Good-evening, gentlemen; will you get out and come in?"

Brisbane made no reply, but the Sheriff spoke up: "I suppose we'll have to. This is Senator Brisbane, Major. He was very anxious about his daughter and so came with me. This is Mr. Grismore, our County Attorney."

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14, 1901.

Curtis did not extend a hand. "Mr. Grismore I have seen. Senator Brisbane I have met. Send your horses down to the corral, Mr. Sheriff, and come in—you can't return to-night."

As the Sheriff got out he said: "This second team is the Senator's, and the reporter for the Associated Press is in there with Streeter."

Brisbane got out slowly and painfully, and a yellow-gray pallor came over his face as he stood beside the carriage steadying himself by resting his hand on the wheel. The young County Attorney, eager to serve the great man, sprang out and offered a hand, and Curtis with sudden pity in his heart made a step forward, but Brisbane put them all aside harshly.

"No, no! I'm all right now. My legs were cramped—that's all. They'll limber up in a minute. The seats were too low for a man of my height—I should have stayed in the other carriage."

He was Elsie's father, and Curtis relented. "Senator, if you'll take a seat in my office I'll go fetch your daughter."

"I prefer to go to her myself," Brisbane replied, menacingly formal.

"Very well. I shall go and tell her of your arrival," Curtis coldly replied.

The old man hobbled painfully at first, but soon recovered enough of his habitual power to walk slowly after Curtis, who wished to have a word or two with Elsie before her father came.

Elise was lying down, resting, waiting for the dinner call, when he knocked upon her door.

"Your father is here," he said as he entered.

Her eyes opened wide in surprise. "Here! Here at the Agency?"

"Yes, he's on his way to the studio. Moreover, he is very dirty, very disgusted, very crusty, and not at all well."

"Poor old father! Now he'll make it uncomfortable for us all. He has come for me, of course. Who is with him?"

"The Sheriff, the County Attorney and some reporters."

She smiled. "Then he is after you, too."

"It looks that way—but you must not hurry away without giving me another chance to talk with you. Will you promise that?" he demanded earnestly.

"I may not go at all," she responded, stepping to the door. "How slowly he walks! Poor old papa!" She ran to meet him. "You shouldn't have done this, popsey," she cried as she gave him a kiss.

Curtis walked away, leaving them alone.

Brisbane took her kiss without changing to lighter mood.

"Why didn't you follow out my orders?" he demanded harshly. "You see what I've had to go through just because you are so foolishly obstinate."

Her throat swelled with anger, but she choked it down and replied very gently: "Come into the studio and let me clean off the dust—you must be tired."

He followed her in and sank heavily upon a chair. "I wouldn't take that journey again for ten thousand dollars. Why didn't you come to the railway as I ordered?"

Her voice hardened a little. "Because I saw no good reason for it. I knew what I was doing. Captain Curtis assured me——"

"Captain Curtis!" he sneered. "You'd take his word against mine, would you?"

"Yes, I would, when he is on the ground and knows all the conditions. He knows the situation better than you. You have seen only the outside exaggerations of this trouble. Captain Curtis has acted with good judgment——"

"Oh, he has, has he! Well, we'll see about that!" His mind had taken a new turn. "He won't have anything to act on six months from now. No West Point dude like him can set himself up against the power of the State and hold office. He's too flip."

"Now, papa, don't start in to abuse Captain Curtis—he is our host, and it isn't seemly."

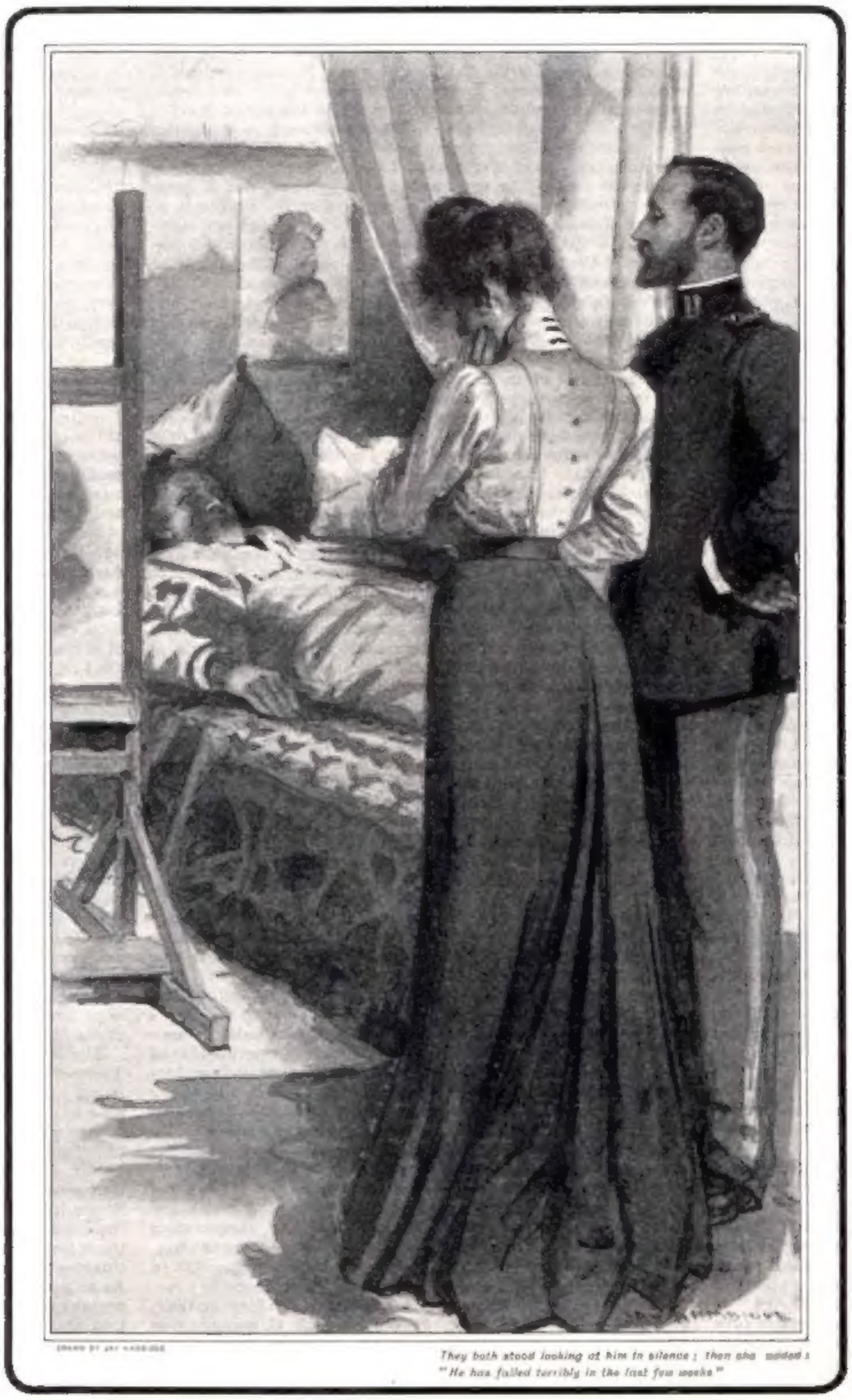
"Oh, it isn't! Well, I don't care whether it is or it isn't, I'll speak my mind. His whole attitude is hostile to the best interests of the State and he must get off his high horse."

As he growled and sneered his way through a long diatribe she brought water and bathed his face and hands and brushed his hair, her anger melting into pity as she comprehended how weak and broken he really was. She had observed this nervous failure before in times of great fatigue, but the heat and dust and discomfort of the drive had reduced the big body, debilitated by lack of exercise, to a nerveless lump. His brain had softened to a mass of incoherent and savage impulses. No matter what he said, after she realized his pitiable weakness, she felt no anger. He was her father—and a crumbling tower soon to fall.

As he rested he grew calmer, and at last consented to lie down on the couch while she made a little tea on an alcohol lamp. After sipping the tea he fell asleep, and she sat by his side her mind filled with the fundamental conception of a daughter's obligation to her father. To her he was no longer an orator, no longer a powerful, aggressive business man—he was only her poor old dying father, to whom she owed all her comfort, her education, her jewels, her art. He had never been a companion to her—his had been the rule absolute—and yet a hundred indulgences, a thousand really kind and considerate acts, came back into her mind as she fanned his flushed face.

"I must go with him," she said; "it is my duty." The word duty was coming to have a meaning for her at last. The Anglo-Saxon in her was reasserting itself.

Curtis came to the door again and tapped. She put her finger to her lips, and so he stood silent—looking in at her. His eyes called her and she rose and tiptoed to the door.



They both stood looking at him in silence; then she added: "He has failed terribly in the last few weeks"

"I came to ask you both to dinner," he whispered.

Her eyes filled with quick tears. "That's noble of you," she returned in a low voice. "He's only a poor old broken man, after all. I was afraid you would still be angry—I could not blame you." They both stood looking at him in silence; then she added: "He has failed terribly in the last few weeks. His campaigning will kill him. Oh! I wish he would give it up. He needs rest and quiet."

"Then you will come?"

"No, I can't leave him, and besides"—she hesitated—"he may feel differently to-morrow, but to-night he is irritable, almost to insanity."

"Shall I come over after dinner?"

She smiled a little. "You might come by—perhaps he will be in gentler mood."

"I can see you are going to leave us," he said, "and I want to see you every possible moment. It may be a long time before we meet again."

Her eyes wavered, and turned toward the old man. "His weakness has conquered me. My duty is with him now—perhaps I can carry him through his campaign—or dissuade him from it altogether. Don't you see that I am right?" she ended in sudden appeal.

He drew himself up as though his General-in-Chief were passing. "Duty is a word I can understand," he said, and turned away.

Talk at the dinner-table was not smoothly fluid; it was indeed very lumpy; but Jennie, always cheery and without malice, fairly melted the restraint at such times as she could give to it.

It was finished at last, and while Curtis piloted the strangers back to the office, Maynard remained behind for a word in private with Jennie.

"Nice, jovial company! Sweet harmony of souls, don't you think?"

Jennie was unexpectedly sober. "I don't know what I should have done without you—I never saw George so depressed. I hope he is not losing his grit."

"Do you know what causes it? I think I do."

"What?"

"He's going to lose Miss Brisbane."

"Oh! I hope she won't go."

"She will. You'll find that's the real cause of this tragic gloom. This little Injun outbreak is nothing—George would never turn a hair over that—these cattlemen don't count; they are only rags—but that little word 'no,' followed by 'good-by, John!' will take the starch out of the best of us. I suppose this man Lawson is the victorious suitor."

"I'm not so sure about that. George heard they were engaged when he was in Washington last fall, and when she came here she wore an engagement ring, but she doesn't wear it now, and it looks as though she had given it back to Lawson if it was his. I have never dared to allude to it in any way."

Maynard whistled. "Good girl! It may be that George has a fighting chance. I will see you again about this—I must now hurry over to the office and keep the peace between these hotheads."

"I am glad you are here," Jennie said; "George will need you."

"I wish *you* needed me," he replied as he started to go.

"Maybe I shall yet," she laughingly responded. "If I do I'll tell you."

He took a step toward her. "I'll hold you to that!" he said menacingly.

"Oh!—you hurry along! They may be breaking the furniture over each other's heads by this time."

Maynard went away smiling serenely, certain in his belief that Jennie meant more than half of what her tongue had wagged so merrily to utter.

"Where shall we find the Senator?" Streeter was asking of Curtis when Maynard reached him.

"Come with me and I will show you," he replied. "Captain Maynard, will you wait for me here?"

As he led the way across the square Curtis saw Elsie and Lawson standing before the door of the studio, apparently in absorbed conversation. As they drew near she reëntered the house and Lawson turned to meet Curtis.

"Are you a captive? Good-evening, Mr. Sheriff," he said to Winters. "How d'ye do, Mr. Streeter?"

The Sheriff introduced the attorney, and nothing in Lawson's manner indicated bitterness or distrust.

Elsie met them at the door and her bearing was superbly tolerant. Her voice was cool and sweet as she said:

"Come in, gentlemen; my father would like to see you."

The Senator was sitting in a big wicker chair and looked quite ruddy and self-controlled.

"Take seats—if you can find them, gentlemen—all these contraptions are seats."

Curtis did not enter and Elsie came to the door. "Papa insists on our going to-morrow—isn't that preposterous? He says the Tetong trouble is only beginning."

"I suppose he fairly represents the outside conviction. You'll forgive me for going now—this reporter must be rightly instructed. I will return soon."

"Oh, certainly," she replied. And he went away, leaving Lawson to be her stay and comfort.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Will the Philippines Pay?

By Augustus O. Bacon, United States Senator from Georgia

IF THE Federal Government is to receive any financial reimbursement for the millions which it has expended in the Philippines, recourse must be had to taxation of some character in the islands. Direct taxation would accomplish practically nothing, the people as a rule being very poor. No one familiar with existing conditions would expect any appreciable return through such method, or that the Government would, under any circumstances, resort to it.

Turning from this to the system commonly known as the Internal Revenue, the prospect is a little better. There is among the great masses of the people so little of active business, and so small is the consumption of the classes of articles from which revenues are usually derived under an internal revenue system, that compared with the object in view the amount possible to collect under it is insignificant.

The possibilities of receipts from tariffs on both imports and exports in the Philippines are scarcely less inadequate when measured against the huge and yearly increasing expenditure which it is sought to counterbalance. Statistics of the former trade of the islands, and a recognition of the conditions now existing and which for many years must continue to exist therein, easily demonstrate the correctness of this statement. The generally accepted statement of the foreign trade of the Philippine Islands prior to the Spanish War is, of exports and of imports, a total aggregate of $30,000,000 in gold. Statements differing in any great degree from this are found only where the figures relate to depreciated silver money. Upon such a basis no argument is required to show the impossibility of securing a reimbursement of either past or future expenditures from any duties levied if they should be upon both imports and exports. Any reasonable tariff duties on such a business would scarcely suffice to defray the expenses of the civil government.

An Examination of Imports and Exports

Foreman's book, The Philippine Islands, is recognized as a standard authority. In his statement of their total imports and exports during a series of years, he gives 1892 as that in which the highest figures were reached. In that year the imports were $27,000,604 and the exports were $33,478,924, in silver, the depreciation of which must be taken into account. In 1896, the last year prior to the Spanish War in which there were complete official records, the imports were $17,740,010 and the exports $28,210,032, silver.

Recent statistics issued by the War Department of the United States place the imports of the islands for 1894 at $12,055,615 and the exports for that year at $15,747,529, a total of $27,803,144, in gold, for the entire trade, including both imports and exports. These and the figures for other years show that the yearly average of imports and exports combined was approximately $30,000,000 in gold prior to the Spanish War—the amount being sometimes under and sometimes over that amount. If these figures represent the business of the islands under normal conditions it is apparent that from duties levied on the same there cannot be repaid that which has already been expended. What is more to the point in the present inquiry, it is equally apparent that, if the present expenditure or any approximating it is to be continued, the future annual cost will not be returned to the United States through customs duties even if the business of the Philippine Islands should immediately become quadruple what it was prior to the Spanish War. As extreme as the statement may appear to be, it is nevertheless true that under present conditions the annual expenditure of the United States on account of the Philippines would not be recovered if in each year all the articles imported into the islands and all the articles exported from the same were seized and sold by the United States and the total proceeds turned into the National Treasury.

This statement is made in full recognition of the fact that the annual imports and exports have largely increased within the past two years. Even with such increase the figures sustain the correctness of the statement.

The statistics of the War Department place the imports into the islands for the year 1900 at $27,765,100 and the exports at $26,231,442, in gold. Those who anticipate great returns from the Philippines point with confidence to these figures as the demonstration that the productive industries of the islands are growing with leaps and bounds, and that, in their rapid and grand expansion, there will be rich pecuniary rewards to the Government and general public of the United States. If this increase in business measures the actual increase in production and also in trade with the producers, the confidence is well founded for a trade greater than that of the islands prior to the Spanish War. On the contrary, if it is due to fictitious and abnormal conditions such increased business will not survive the restoration of normal conditions.

No argument is needed to sustain the proposition that the normal trade of a people is measured by their productions. Certainly this is so in the absence of surplus capital. Commerce between countries is the reciprocal interchange of their products. In the absence of increased production in a country, an increased trade must be due to abnormal causes. Applying this principle, the increase in the imports and exports of the Philippines is not normal, because it is a fact that the present production of the islands does not equal the production prior to the Spanish War. This fact is freely conceded by all acquainted with the existing conditions, including the high civil officers and the well-informed Filipinos. It is impossible that it could be otherwise. A large part of the country has been devastated by three years of war, and a considerable part of it is still the theatre of war. There are fewer laborers than formerly. There has been a large loss of life among the Filipinos, and of the survivors many have become demoralized through discontent and by the idleness and license of the camp, and have not returned to work. This is not conjecture, but is stated on the authority of well-informed natives. A controlling factor in the decrease of production is the loss of the caribou (or water buffalo), which is practically the only agricultural work animal in the islands. No other animal is suited to that climate, and he only because every two hours or so he is allowed to submerge himself in the water, leaving out only the tip of his nose. During the active hostilities this animal was slaughtered by both sides, and since then there has been great loss through the rinderpest. From these causes the loss of the caribou has been general, and, in some of the provinces, nine-tenths of them have been killed or have died of disease. The products of the Philippines are agricultural. Compared with these the other products are insignificant. Under the conditions it is impossible that the products could be otherwise than greatly decreased.

With this unquestionable decrease in production the increase in imports is naturally due to the many millions that the American Government spends there each year, and to the demand created for many articles by the presence of the army and the horde of camp-followers and hangers-on. Much of this increase can, upon inspection, be recognized as attributable to this cause. For instance, as shown by the statistics in 1894, the beer imported into the Philippines was only $75,066 in value, but in 1900 beer was imported to the value of $1,113,684. That increase of over $1,000,000 worth of beer was not imported for the Filipinos. Many other articles not demanded by the natives were imported in increased quantities. For instance, the imports of distilled spirituous liquors were in 1894 $167,372, but in 1900 they were $297,511. Butter in 1894 was $21,962, and in 1900, $85,637: jewelry in 1894, $3743, and in 1900, $191,968. And thus, following down the line, it is easily shown that these large increases are not in articles consumed by the producers on the islands but largely by officers and soldiers and by the thousands of adventurers who swarm around an army. So long as the army remains there these importations will continue and to some extent increase—but they are not the result of increased production, but of the many millions of dollars poured yearly out of the Treasury of the United States into the Philippines. As a result of some $100,000,000 spent there in 1900 by the United States, the imports into the Philippines were in that year increased from the normal figure of about $16,000,000 in 1894 to more than $27,000,000, and of this the United States furnished $2,153,198 and the other nations $25,000,000.

Queer Facts About Rice and Beer

One item in the account shows that the desolation of war may cause an increase in imports, and also illustrates the decrease in production. The principal food of the Filipinos is rice and they produce less than they consume. In 1894 they imported rice to the value of $563,879. In 1900 the importation of rice amounted to $4,365,056. Thus in the two items of beer for the non-producers and of rice to balance non-production, five million dollars, or one-half of the increase of imports, is accounted for, with no credit to increased production. The large increase in exports for 1900 is due to the shipment of stocks accumulated during the time of general and active hostilities when all commerce was arrested. In 1894 the export of hemp was $7,243,872; in 1900 the export of hemp was $13,290,400—an increase during a time of crippled industries not to be otherwise accounted for. The same thing is true of other leading articles of export, sugar and coffee being the only exceptions. Thus the comparative export of some leading articles was as follows: Copra in 1894, $1,172,191, and in 1900, $3,184,853; cigars and cigarettes in 1894, $873,253, and in 1900, $1,164,369; leaf tobacco in 1894, $702,922, and in 1900, $1,063,900; hides and skins in 1894, $14,554, and in 1900, $311,183: and so on. Commerce was necessarily at an absolute standstill in 1898. The tables make no mention of exports in 1898, and the products of that year and of 1897 have since been sent to market.

The fact is that such business prosperity as now exists in the Philippines is due to the vast millions that the United States send there yearly in the maintenance of the army. The same amount yearly spent in the rich State of Pennsylvania would give an active impulse to its present industrial prosperity. So far as business prosperity is concerned the best thing for the Philippines is a continuance of conditions which require the presence of the army and the yearly expenditure of many millions by our Government—but it is a bad investment for the people of the United States. If the yearly flood of gold poured into the Philippines by the United States Government should suddenly cease the business of the islands would shrink into insignificance.

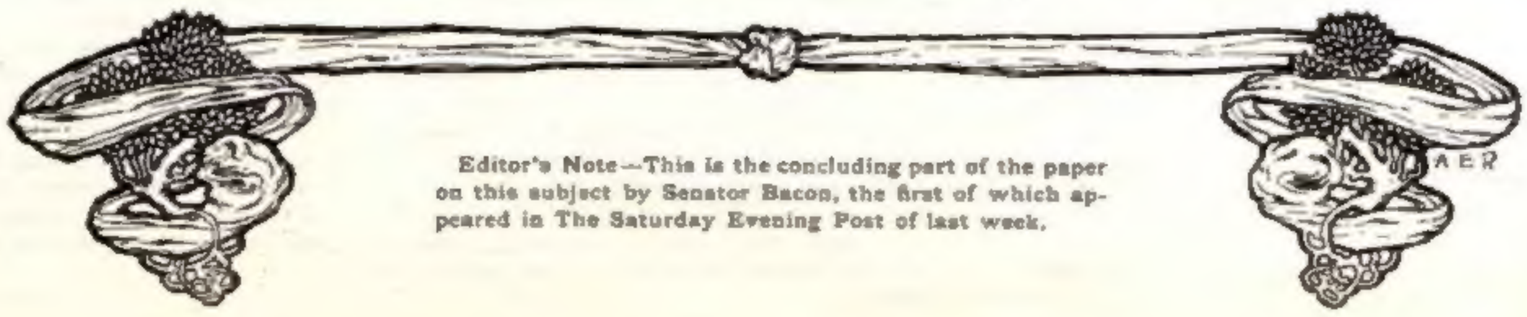
But, making all allowance, and accepting the imports and exports of 1900 as the measure of the normal business of the Philippines, from no duties levied upon it could the United States be reimbursed for the past expenditure. If the business of the islands were quadrupled the duties which could be collected would not repay the future yearly expenditure, to say nothing of the more than $300,000,000 which has already gone. A comparison with Japan shows the impossibility of quadrupling or even doubling the business of the Philippines. The exports of Japan in 1899 were approximately $100,000,000 gold, only about four times that of the Philippines for 1900. And yet Japan is a country of splendid resources and a most invigorating climate, with a population of 45,000,000, than which there are none more skilful, energetic and industrious in all the world. He is indeed an optimist who expects that the 10,000,000 Filipinos, in an enervating climate, will ever rival them in production. Until they do equal the Japanese in amount of production the United States cannot be repaid even their future annual expenditure in the Philippines.

The Small Outlet for Our Own Products

The limits of this article do not permit a detailed discussion of the possible return to the general public through commerce between the Philippines and the United States. But the profits of such commerce must be limited by the extent of the business, and the figures above given sufficiently indicate how small that must be even if we were monopolizing it, instead of enjoying a very small percentage of it. Conditions are not favorable to the great increase of our trade with the Archipelago. There is little market for our foodstuffs. They live on rice which we cannot supply them, and fish which are found in abundance in the waters at their doors. They need little clothing, and that they make on their hand-looms—much of it from cotton grown in small patches by themselves. In 1893 the entire import of cotton and woolen goods of all kinds amounted to a little more than fifty cents to each of the population. We can sell no large amount of agricultural machinery there. The principal agricultural products are sugar, hemp, rice, copra and tobacco. Only in the first is machinery used, and that only in the process of manufacture. There is no machinery adapted to the cultivation or gathering of copra, hemp or tobacco. The machinery used elsewhere in the culture of rice cannot be used in the Philippines successfully as the rice is grown in mud fields in which men and women work more than ankle deep, and through which the caribou, wading a foot deep, drags a rude plow which frequently leaves no furrow as it passes through the soft slush. There is no appreciable demand for cutlery, for the bolo of the Filipino is not only his weapon of war, but it is also his universal tool. With it he builds his house and also his boat, cuts his firewood, prepares his food, picks his teeth and cleans his finger-nails. Outside of the cities, shoes he will have none, and his hat is made of a palm leaf at less than the cost of the transportation of a straw hat from America.

The lowlands are fertile and the mountains are well wooded. There are minerals, of which copper is perhaps the most promising. Out of the opportunities they furnish, some individuals will make some money, but it will require an extraordinary expert to show how their profits and the commerce resulting therefrom can ever, in its benefits to the general public, compensate for the many hundreds of millions of dollars already spent and hereafter to be spent by the United States in the Philippines. Much is said about the wood on the islands, not considering that the chief cost of lumber is in the manufacture and transportation, and that on our own continent we have untold millions of it much easier of access. As to mahogany and such woods the quantity in the tropical regions of our own hemisphere is inexhaustible. The assertion that out of the woods of the Philippines, or from other natural resources for that matter, there will be gained enough profit to the general public of the United States to repay the sum of from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, the expenditure of which is now plainly in sight, has been paralleled only by the fantastic schemes of the sanguine Mulberry Sellers.

It is difficult for our people, so far removed from the locality, to appreciate conditions, but among the military officers who have been in the best position to become familiar with the islands and their possibilities, there is little division in the opinion that in getting possession of the Philippine Islands we have secured a very costly and a profitless white elephant.



Editor's Note—This is the concluding part of the paper on this subject by Senator Bacon, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

The Story of the City Daily

The New Theory of Journalism—By David Graham Phillips

THE basic theory of the "new journalism"—the theory to which it owes its profits and also its power—is that a newspaper should not only record news but should also *create* news. "Create" does not mean concoct or sensationalize or distort or "fake." It means "bring into existence." The best way to explain this theory is by example

To begin at the bottom—that is, with the reporter for the "new journalism" at work A few years ago a man walked into the office of Mr. Russell Sage and, getting access to him, demanded a sum of money. When Mr. Sage refused the man threw a bomb. It injured several persons, severely damaged the building and blew the man to pieces. There was apparently nothing left by which he could be identified

The police searched the ruins in vain for clues. All they could do was to photograph the almost unrecognizable head and send copies of the picture to the various police stations and to the police of other cities. But the "new journalism" proceeded to "create" news about this disaster. It sent for its own photographers and had careful pictures made of the head and of every other scrap of the belongings of the bomb-thrower that could possibly be identified by anybody. These photographs it published; and as soon as its correspondents in various cities, towns and villages sent in telegrams to the effect that persons there thought they recognized the pictures, it sent out reporters to run down to the uttermost every clue, publishing in full the results of these investigations. The "new journalism" has learned that the first point is to keep alive public interest, to prevent the matter it has in hand from slipping from the public memory

A Reporter that is a Detective

But this was not all. It sent to the scene of the explosion reporters who were not only writers but skilled detectives These reporters had for years been at work under the system of the "new journalism," prosecuting all kinds of difficult investigation. One of the men thus detailed was Mr. Isaac White, who is in an eminently practical way the embodiment of that Monsieur Dupin whom Edgar Allan Poe invented and whom Dr. Conan Doyle has exploited under the name of Sherlock Holmes. Mr. White went to the scene of the explosion with two purposes in mind—first, to record the news of what had happened and of what the police were doing, second and chiefly, to "create" news—that is, to inaugurate and pursue a wholly independent investigation

As he was looking about the wreckage he saw a button sewed to a piece of torn and burnt cloth. He picked it up, and went to the heap of scraps of clothing which the police had gathered. White compared his find with these scraps and found that it was a piece of the trousers. He examined the button and saw that it bore the name of a Boston clothier

White took the first train for Boston. He reached there too late to do anything that night. But when that clothing firm opened its store the next morning the "new journalism," in the person of Mr. White, entered. "Yes—that is our button and our cloth," said one of the firm. "And every piece of cloth we sell is recorded, by sample, in a book, with the name of the purchaser—he might wish to order more of the same." He went to the book and found the sample White took down the name and address opposite it. The man lived in a suburb of Boston. Long before noon the reporter was at the address, and found that the bomb-thrower was a long eccentric and latterly insane son of the man who lived there. And thanks to White, while the other newspapers had only the routine news the next morning, his newspaper had the news which his skill had practically created—the real, the important news of the whole affair. This is the simplest form, the commonest application, of the theory of the "new journalism." It is used every day, but not always, unfortunately, with so much skill Let us next take a little broader form—the News Managing Editor at work

A few weeks ago, at about the time the day staff of editors and reporters of the New York morning papers were coming on duty, the news bulletins of a terrible catastrophe came in In the New York Central tunnel, against which the "new journalism" had been making war for about seven years, nearly a score of persons had been killed and as many more injured in a rear-end collision

The problem before the news editors of the conservative New York newspapers was this: To send reporters to the scene of the disaster, to the towns whence the dead and injured had come, to the offices of the company, to the various places where news of the disaster would be officially given out What these newspapers wished was a "straightaway" news report, covering all that had happened

How the Tunnel Disaster was Handled

The problem before the news editors in the offices where the "new journalism" is practiced included all the above, and in addition matters which the "new journalism" regarded as more important These matters were

First: To hurry photographers to the scene and get the best possible pictures—the public mind must be vividly impressed with the horror of the disaster, and how could this be done so well as by photographs of actual scenes of death and maiming?

Second: To collect from all sources all that had been done since the tunnel catastrophe of 1891 toward urging the company to change the tunnel—petitions from property-owners, grand jury presentments, reports of the Board of Health, articles in technical railway and transportation journals, etc

Third: To employ and send experts to the tunnel to discover just how the disaster had occurred, to see how it might have been prevented, and to determine what should be done to prevent future accidents

Fourth: To consult with lawyers of the newspaper in regard to ways and means of moving legally to compel the railroad to reconstruct the tunnel and change the tunnel system, should the railroad management show a disposition to hope for the cooling-off of public indignation

Fifth: To organize a news staff especially charged not only with the duty of gathering the news developments of the disaster from day to day, but also with the duty, more important to the "new journalism," of "creating" news in the way of expert opinions from the best sources, legal opinions interviews with prominent citizens, questions put to public officials, perhaps court proceedings of various kinds instituted by the attorneys of the newspaper under direction of the "Disaster Staff

Whenever there is an event of great public concern which lends itself to the "creating" of news, this method of procedure, adapted of course to each particular case, is invariably pursued. The ethical idea asserted by the "new journalists" is that the newspaper is a public servant, charged with the duty of watching for the public and, when the public cannot act and public officials will not, of acting for the public

To go still higher for an illustration of the "new journalism's" methods, there is the somewhat familiar instance of its first—but by no means its last—venture into international politics

Royalty Pressed into Service by the Papers

The King of England, when he was Prince of Wales, was responsible for this new development of the news field and also of the power of journalism. When the *impasse* between President Cleveland and Lord Salisbury over the Venezuelan boundary question threatened a war between the United States and Great Britain, the editor of The New York World cabled direct to most of the high dignitaries of England, urging that war was imminent, that it was for the peace-loving and war-hating on both sides of the Atlantic to act, and that they should send messages of cordiality and good will, and of hope for peace. The Prince of Wales and his son, the Duke of York, now heir-apparent, were included in this editor's list "on the chance." No royal personages had ever made use of such democratic vehicles as the newspapers, but the crisis was grave and the Prince of Wales was a sagacious man

He and his son promptly responded. It was a startling departure in international politics, but just now our interest in it is confined to its importance to the "new journalism." That alert and aggressive power did not let slip the opportunity. From that time interviews, cablegrams, signed statements from kings, princes, prime ministers, presidents and other rulers are a regular part of the news of the "new journals," whenever such features become pertinent.

This incident illustrates with peculiar completeness the qualities of imagination, of audacity and of contempt of precedent which make for success in the "new journalism."

The feature of the new departure in journalism which is perhaps most often criticised, and which certainly attracts most attention, is the big headlines

The first outbreak of "scareheads" was extremely violent Of late the tendency has been to avoid extremes—the conservative journals with a few exceptions do not hesitate to use two and three column "heads" on their first page and larger ones on the inside pages; the "new journals" have almost ceased to use the poster type, three and four and even seven and eight inches high. Nor do they print headlines in red so much as they did up to a few months ago

An Apology for the "Scarehead"

The story of the origin of these "scareheads" is illuminating. The most versatile of the young editors of the new school was put in charge of the evening edition of one of the new journals" He naturally wished to win for his paper a huge circulation. The point was: What should he do instantly to convince the masses that the paper he was editing was the paper to buy? He thought out several schemes, all of them excellent as the event proved. One of them, for example, was a daily essay, written in a light, amusing style of which he is a master, and conveying scientific information or stimulants to thought in admirable disguise. But his best scheme was the "scarehead"

The newsboy carries a copy of each afternoon paper on his arm between his hand and his shoulder, so arranged that the title head and the tops of first-page headlines of each paper show. The paper nearest the hand is, of course, the most exposed. The boy, being a shrewd trader, puts there the paper which in his opinion—and he understands the tastes of the masses—has the most attractive first page. The editor in question noted that the paper for whose circulation he was responsible was *not* in the desirable place of complete exposure. To put it there he devised the "scarehead." As it was a novelty it instantly caught the eye of the New York crowd, which is as diligent as the Athenian crowd of Paul's day in its search for some new thing. The newsboy saw the commercial possibilities of the "scarehead" and that paper went straightway to the front

If the newspaper in question had had no other recommendation than this clever advertising device it would soon have fallen. But—to note the current issue—its first page is backed by fifteen other pages adorned with illustrations of merit, with features on fashions, on sports, on topics of the day that would be creditable to any journal in the world, with several excellent fiction stories, and with cartoons that are clever in drawing as well as in conception

To sum up the main points of the "new journalism"

First: It produces a very expensive illustrated newspaper and sells it for about the cost of the white paper on which it is printed

Second: Its main object—the source of its revenue from advertisers and the source of its power—is circulation among the masses of the people. It seeks and must get an audience wider than any class or any party

Third: It accomplishes this object by striving to publish all the news, regardless of class or party or "pull," and in such form—that is, with such headlines, pictures and reading matter—as will put the contents of the paper in the possession of the reader at a glance of the eye and with the least possible mental effort on his or her part.

Fourth: In the pursuit of circulation and power it devotes its highest energies to the "creation" of news through the performance of what it calls its "mission of public service"—that is, it exposes public rascals, hunts down criminals, builds monuments, endows charities, interviews kings, contrives symposiums of public sentiment (local, national and international), conducts political campaigns, and in a score of other ways makes itself an active, incessant, omnipresent public irritant

Editor's Note—This is the third and concluding paper by Mr. Phillips on this subject.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

The Scheduled Prince

IT IS said on high and venerable authority that a cat may look at a king. Much more, then, without doubt, may a cat look at a prince. But a good many American cats, if they look at our visiting Prince Henry, have got to be mighty quick about it.

For instance, from the published itinerary it appears that the Albany cats must get their Prince-surveying cleared up inside of two hours, for this will be the length of his Royal Highness' stay in that town. This, however, is æons compared with the time in which the Buffalo cats must take their observations, which is fifteen minutes. But again, the Buffalo felines may proceed in leisurely fashion compared with those of Syracuse, Pittsburg, Columbus and Louisville, which must crowd their examinations into the space of ten minutes each. The tabbies of Baltimore will have twenty minutes, those of Cincinnati, Rochester and Indianapolis the same; at Nashville they are cut down to fifteen, but at St. Louis they will have a whole four hours, and at Milwaukee six. Clearly what our American cats ought to do is to get together beforehand and rehearse rapid-fire observing.

But though the adage assures us of the right of a cat to gaze at royalty it in no way hints of its fondness for it. Even the pussy cat of the sterling old classic, who went to London to see the Queen, came away not with recollections of royalty but of the fact that she frightened a little mouse under a chair. So we'll dismiss the cats from our consideration and turn to the people. There is no question but that the American citizen likes to look at a king. But can the Pittsburger, say, look his full in ten minutes? There will certainly be no time for anything beyond a look. And can Prince Henry do justice to Pittsburg in ten minutes? Can he go away and write a book to be called, for instance, Life in Pittsburg; or, The Past, Present and Future of Pittsburg; or, What I Know About Pittsburg? Some English tourists could do this on ten minutes' experience, but it is doubtful if the more easy-going German mind is capable of it.

It cannot be denied that the Arrangement Committee gave proof of its fitness for the position in according the Prince four hours at St. Louis and six at Milwaukee. Less to a German visitor would have been an outrage. But some complaint is heard of the short twenty minutes for Cincinnati. Cincinnati would seem to be not without charms for the Tenton visitor, be he Prince or private citizen. But Cincinnati shows no disposition to complain, though there has been some little discussion as to what can be done for the visitor's entertainment in the twenty minutes. An adequate presentation of the Ring of the Nibelung seems out of the question, and Cincinnati feels that anything less would ill become her.

But perhaps the most valuable lesson to be drawn from the itinerary is that it emphasizes the troubles of royalty. Was ever Prince so hustled about before? Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, but apparently to lie is the last thing such a head gets a chance to do. The "personally-conducted" tourist has his share of fun poked at him, but that tourist, compared with poor Prince Henry, is a free and untrammeled being, going where he listeth. A common man, all unused to ready-made itineraries, must feel that it would be quite unbearable to know six weeks in advance that on March 4 he would arrive at Dodger's Corners at 7:41, leave Dodger's Corners at 7 47, stop at Pillsbury Junction at 8 22, proceed to Puddleford Lake, arriving at 8 31, look at lake until 8.44, returning to the Junction at 8:53, with seventeen minutes for breakfast, two minutes for shaking hands with the mayor and one minute for lighting a cigar, leaving for Doggett's Centre at 9:13. This would get on the plain man's nerves and destroy his pleasure. But no doubt a Prince is used to it. —HAYDEN CARRUTH.

Hatless heads are no longer in fashion at the Groton School.

The American Commercial Spirit

WE ARE living in a commercial age. That the spirit of the day is of too commercial a character may be admitted. But we must not think, as many would have us think, that our present condition is something unprecedented and that the ideals of Americans have been altogether lowered—that our ambitions and aims are of a new and contemptible kind.

Before passing sweeping condemnation on present day American life let us look at a few facts that are overlooked by our critics. Let us see if there is anything inconsistent with natural human nature, with laudable human ambitions, in our national desire to be rich and successful.

The Book of Job is one of the most ancient and beautiful of human productions, and Job himself is the ideal man and the ideal philosopher. Yet, in beginning the book, we find that he is pictured as being a man of substance, owning "seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses," and this inventory is followed by the significant words, "So that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East." And, in closing the book, we find that, after his tribulations, "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning; for—(and note the significance of that word "for")—he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses."

And it was nearly as many centuries before the Christian Era as it is now after that era—it was so far back that we can scarcely imagine land as possessing any value, but as being the free possession of whomsoever would take it—that we find Abraham paying down for a place of burial for his wife Sarah, "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant."

A consideration of facts like these, of conditions such as these, existing thousands of years ago, gives a new meaning to the word "commercialism" and affords a new viewpoint from which to consider our own "commercial age."

After this, it is surely needless to multiply examples; yet, for any who may still be tempted to look upon America as unprecedentedly "commercial," let us quote some words of the great merchant Dinde Desponde. To the Duke of Burgundy he once said—and that was a century before Columbus reached the shores of America, and so it cannot be ascribed to American influence—"Trade, my lord, finds its way everywhere and rules the world. There is nothing but may be accomplished with money."

So let us not think of ourselves as of a nation set apart in low ambitions. And we may remember that all the world at present is as commercial in spirit as is America—only not so successful. That, after all, is the only difference. And we may retort upon critics that not only have other nations shown as much of a commercial spirit as has our own, but that other nations have fought destructive wars for the sake of financial aggrandizement. —ROBERT SHACKLETON.

Judging from some of the recent speeches in the United States Senate age does not mellow the thoughts and expressions of statesmen.

Beauty Doctors for Cities

TO MAKE the National Capital the most beautiful city in the world would be a work great enough in itself to satisfy the ambition of any body of artists, but the Burnham Commission may prove to have accomplished infinitely more than that. Its wonderful plans for the reconstruction of Washington may turn out to be just the stimulus needed to begin the redemption from ugliness of all the cities in America. Already the Fine Arts Federation of New York has begun to urge the appointment of a similar commission to devise a plan for the future artistic development of the metropolis, and there is no reason why the movement should not spread throughout the country.

William Penn had much to answer for when he introduced into America the checkerboard system of laying out streets and so dedicated almost all the cities of the future Republic to monotony and inconvenience.

It is impossible to have a beautiful, imposing or commodious city without streets radiating straight from important ganglia, regardless of the points of the compass. In European capitals such streets have been cut at enormous expense. In Washington they have been provided by the wise forethought of the original designer. Other American cities are not prepared, as a rule, to pay the cost of cutting across their built-up checkerboard squares, but they can at least substitute rational and artistic for irrational and inartistic arrangements in the thinly settled regions over which they are just beginning to expand.

Three most important points are still within our control, and their wise treatment would transform the appearance of our cities. They relate to signs, to sky lines and to water fronts.

When we try to analyze the impression made upon the eye by the picture of a Greek city and to determine why it is that its effect is one of chaste beauty and that an American street scene is most often vulgarly hideous, the difference will be found to be hardly more in the character of the architecture than in the fact that the Greek buildings had no glaring signs, while the American business fronts are plastered with them. The beauty of the Parthenon itself could not survive a forty-foot proclamation of the merits of Alpha Oil. Public sentiment, aroused to æsthetic considerations, can do something to mitigate this advertising eruption along our thoroughfares.

It is hard to say as yet just what should be done about the ragged sky lines created by the independence of builders who put a thirty-story skyscraper next door to a two-story shanty. In European cities builders are compelled to conform to uniform regulations as to height, but it is not certain that such rules would be advisable in this country. Artists are not fully agreed that a certain amount of irregularity is a blemish, and many of them think the cities of the world can offer no more superb spectacle than the picturesquely serrated sky line of the lower end of Manhattan Island seen from the water. Perhaps this is a matter that may work itself out if let alone.

But there is a magnificent field for the activity of municipal art commissions in the treatment of our water fronts. Hardly a city in America has made even a fair beginning toward the worthy treatment of what should be its greatest charm but is usually its worst disfigurement. Riverside Park in New York is good in its way, but even that is marred by a railroad. There is no reason why even those parts of our water fronts devoted to commerce should be squalid and hideous.
—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

A lot of the fellows who are eternally wishing that some one would give them a chance, mean a chance to get money without work.

Air-Ships at the Exposition

THERE promise to be lively times in the atmosphere above St. Louis during the coming Exposition. The liberal prize which the managers offer for a successful air-ship will certainly call out the inventive flying folk. A prize is always productive of quantity, if not of quality. The flying machines may not all fly. Others, more unfortunate, may fly, but fail to fulfill their bright promise in the upper air, and leave their confiding operators to the mercies of the universal law of the attraction of gravitation. There will be broken heads in St. Louis. To the other terrors of urbane existence will be added that of the falling flying-machine man, plumping down here and there without warning.

In a recent issue of one of the comic weeklies there was a picture of a perturbed wife on a high balcony with her husband, he wearing formidable wings, and just alighting on the railing, and with the street lights glittering far below. "My dear," he says to her anxious inquiry as to why he is so late, "the air-ship broke down and I had to fly home." That the St. Louis prize will bring things to this stage can scarcely be hoped for, but it ought to do much toward hastening it.

It is confidently expected that the ever active Mr. Santos-Dumont, as well as other European and American air-ship experts, will enter the St. Louis competition. Lesser known navigators of the trackless atmosphere are beginning to be heard from. An Indiana man, for instance, sends word that he is already at work on his ship. He assures the managers that nothing can keep him from appearing on time, not even the possible lack of funds for railroad fare, "for," he says with that fine confidence which compels admiration, "I shall come in my own air-ship, making the trip in about two hours." This man displays the right spirit. "I shall be on hand every day, and although my ship will be, as an attraction, of immense value to your Exposition, you need not trouble yourselves to provide me with free entrance tickets, he adds in a large, easy way. "I shall fly over the fence."
—WEBSTER WALLACE

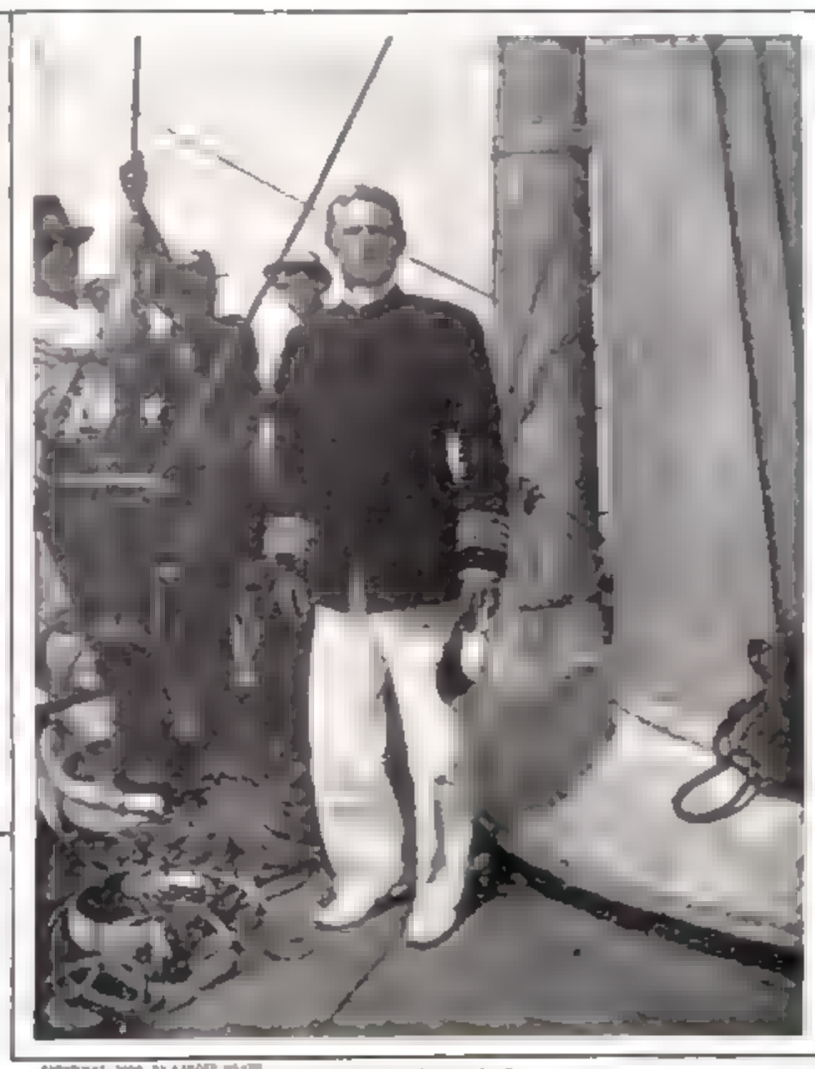
Fast horses are expensive because there are usually faster ones on the same track.

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "THE CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE"

Madame Wu Ting-fang

President Roosevelt and Senator Depew



Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans

Chou Chou, Minister Wu's son

Dr. Hill, Assistant Secretary of State

WE ARE told somewhere that the simplest emotion which we discover in the human mind is curiosity, and further we are assured that curiosity is the thirst of the soul. Upon turning this over I am convinced that this must account directly for the prevalent deep-seated underlying curiosity that pervades Washington in all seasons and at all times concerning the White House and its inmates. This "thirst of soul" never grows less or abates one jot, and has gone on and on ever since the seat of Government was first established here. If the least important member of the Presidential family but pokes a nose outside the portals of the Mansion some magic conveys it abroad and a goodly number of gazers stand agape. If the orderly who attends the President upon his rides comes clattering up to the portico with the President's horse, Bleistein in lead a crowd filled with the "thirst of soul" to see the President mount, springs apparently out of the very flagging under foot. And if the President's wife chances to take her way, modestly on foot, across the square on Sunday morning to attend St. John's Church there is some one at every step of the way thither to observe and to comment, and the crowd that gathers about the church itself waiting to see the head of the nation come striding down Sixteenth Street, on his way home from his little Dutch church to join her, blocks the street for half a square.

I will confess that this "thirst of soul" has assailed me, though in my case it is my thrifty mind which is trying to work out a problem in economics. This subject of economics has been uppermost with me and with others in connection with the rush of entertainments, never before equaled at the White House, and like the traditional Yankee, "I want to know." So I asked Robert and even Senator P—— about it.

"What fund does Congress allow a President for keeping up the White House?" I asked.

Oh, there is an inconsiderable fund, I believe, allowed for repairs. I know of none allowed for any other purpose at the White House," said Senator P——, who was better informed than Robert on the subject.

Does the President have to pay for all the state dinners and receptions, and for all teas, musicales and everything of that sort out of his own pocket?"

"Certainly," said Senator P——, looking at me inquisitively. "Why are you so surprised?"

But—— I, with an appalling picture before me of the empty pockets of the Chief Executive, "Mr. Roosevelt won't have a dollar of his fifty thousand left at the end of the year, at this rate."

"No, I don't suppose he'll have much left at the end," said the Senator.

"But, does he have to bear all the expenses?" I persisted.

"Oh, no!" said the Senator. "The executive staff, including messengers, stenographers, clerks, doorkeepers, attendants and a barber, are all paid by appropriation. In the domestic part of the house some six or eight waiters, a steward housekeeper, laundresses, two firemen, a head gardener with assistants and laborers, a lamplighter, a clock winder and a bouquet-maker are paid out of the appropriation for public buildings.

But that does not take in the chef, the coachman and footmen and men in the stables?" said I.

"No," returned the Senator, "all of those are paid out of the President's own pocket, together with all expenses for private and public functions. The only fund there is, as I said, is for repairs, and it never covers even the repairs."

"Well," said I concernedly, "the President must be going upon the precept laid down by Franklin, that 'Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.'"

"But a President cannot take stock every time he is up against a state affair," said Robert.

"Well, I don't know," said I; "our new Treasury chief before he left the security of his native State took stock, as you call it. He seems to think that society in Washington is a sort of Dick Turpin, ready to fall upon him and demand, 'Your money or your life.'"

Senator P—— smiled and said: "Our latter-day Presidents ought to act upon the suggestion of General Grant, who, when he had so much trouble with his Cabinet during his second term, was heard to say: 'If I ever were to choose another Cabinet I'd know enough to appoint only millionaires.'"

"It would be a good idea," said I. "Life is very strenuous here this winter, particularly at the White House. I am already worn out trying to keep up the pace."

"Why keep it up?" queried the Senator pertinently.

"Oh," said Robert, "Mrs. Slocum's submission to the rod is most touching. She would paraphrase Beecher: 'That strength of man consists in finding out the way society is going and going that way, too.'"

I paid no attention to Robert. I continued:

"I noticed one thing this winter. At these big functions the President is being carefully protected. At the Army and Navy reception the other night, just as the crowd, which was very dense, was approaching the Blue Room door, inside which stood the Presidential party, it was directed to form in single file, which it did as promptly as a body of soldiers would have done. In the throng I saw a young man, alone, and carrying his hand deep down in his trousers' pocket in all unconsciousness. An attendant suddenly stepped forward and jostled against the young man's arm in such a way that he quickly drew his hand out of his pocket and turned in astonishment upon the man, who was wearing plain clothes; but he had no time to protest or say a word, for just then Colonel Bingham leaned forward and said to him, 'What name?' and the young man found himself being presented to the head of the nation before he could understand that no man must approach the President in these days with one hand concealed in his trousers' pocket. Only a few of us understood the significance of it."

"By the way," asked Senator P——, "I suppose my friends, the Marine Band, were playing as usual at the reception? And I suppose you do not know whether they were to be restored to the ancient privilege of a bite of supper after their efforts? For, as one of them complained dolefully, 'No fellow can toot for two hours and a half and not be empty down to his boots. Mr. McKinley used to give us a luncheon when we played for him, and I tell you it came in handy.'"

Senator Dillingham, of Vermont

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"No, I don't know whether they get any 'bite' these days," I replied, smiling at the well-ventilated grievances of the Marine Band; "I think, however, that it is a great shame there is no fund to defray state functions at the White House. It is going to cost the President a pretty penny to entertain Prince Henry in the elaborate way planned."

"Yes," chimed in Robert with a grumble, for Robert cannot even think of a foreigner without grumbling, "the Prince comes high but we must have him. The President is not the only one whose pocket it will touch. Congress will have to fork out thousands of dollars for this royal visit."

"Just think," said Robert with a chuckle, what a day this princely visit will be for Robley Evans, for Doctor Hill of the State Department, for Commissioner Macfarland of the District, and for all the nobs, to say nothing of the women who I am told are almost pulling hair for invitations to meet the Prince, and they say Colonel Bingham's quarters look like a beleaguered fortress, so great is the pressure around it for cards. If all this royalty and coronation business keeps up I shall expect to see Uncle Sam buying a decoration for the American eagle and signing himself 'Rex Americanus.'"

We laughed at this absurd conceit. Then Senator P—— said, half seriously:

"We do seem to hanker for royal fleshpots, what with Doctor Curry going over to Spain for the coming of age of the young King, and Reid, Clark and Wilson going to England for the King's Coronation."

"Do you know Whitelaw Reid?" asked Robert.

"Oh, yes, I've known Reid a great many years. I remember when he used to go about in a black velvet coat, even upon the street, and his necktie used to have a way of floating over his bosom that was the despair of other men who never could attain to Reid's melodiousness in dress. We used to call him 'the man-milliner of journalism,' and poked all sorts of fun at him."

And Senator P—— smiled to himself at the old recollection. I said:

"What a card, diplomatically, it would be for Mr. Reid if Miss Roosevelt should go over to the Coronation."

"Yes, for him a card, but it might be a political blunder for the President should he consent to her going. Did you meet Captain Clark, of the Oregon, at the Capitol the other day, Senator?" asked the Senator.

"No, I was tied up in a matter and missed him," said Robert.

"Well, Proctor and Dillingham had him in tow in the Marble Room, and half the Senate was there to be introduced to him and to shake him by the hand. He was positively embarrassed and blushed like a girl when any one said a word of praise. I never met a more modest, retiring man in my life. Of course, the two Clarks of the Senate—Clark, of Montana, and Clark, of Wyoming—were among the crowd, and the latter said to the Captain:

"'The Clarks must stand together, Captain.'

"Clark replied simply: 'I hope I may always be a credit to the family.'"

"For my part," said I, "I hope Congress will do something for Captain Clark. I wish, Senator P——, that you would suggest to the Senate that it should pattern itself in this matter of Captain Clark after the Apostles in the Bible."

"How is that?" asked he, puzzled.

"Why, we never hear of anything but resolutions in Congress, and in the Bible we never hear of resolutions among the Apostles, we always hear of the acts of the Apostles. Now, I should suggest that we hear of the acts of Congress in regard to this gallant Captain."

"I will certainly borrow that suggestion and work it off," laughed the Senator.

"I'm willing," I returned, "for I borrowed it myself."

"Well," said Robert, "I know of one act of a Senator that was not even preceded by a resolution nor ever known to anybody, so far as I hear. We all know how quick Senator Hoar is to champion any one in distress. Well, this past autumn he became interested in a Syrian who had come to this country and had just taken his first steps toward naturalization by taking out his declaration papers, after which he had sent back to his country for his wife and children. They came, and when the ship arrived the officers who inspect the immigrants let the mother pass and held the children on the plea of some suspected Oriental malady. The mother was made to go ashore and the children were bundled together to be returned alone to their country. Senator Hoar was appealed to. He first worked with the officials, who referred him to various other officers, and it was all of no avail. Senator Hoar finally took the bit in his teeth. He wrote to the President and stated the facts in the case, and wound up his letter with this:

"'If these be the laws of our land, then it is high time there was a revolution in these laws, and I think you are the man to lead the revolution.'"

And did he?" I asked with interest.

"Well, rather," said Robert; "as I understand it, the President ordered the release of those children, and the order went by telegraph, too, and the whole family, one of unusual respectability and brightness, I hear, is established and will become law-abiding citizens."

"And yet," said I, "there is no one more against letting in these immigrants than you, Robert."

"True, but we cannot separate children from their parents. Now, when it comes to the Chinese exclusion——!"

"Oh!" I broke in, remembering a recent encounter with Madam Wu, "that reminds me: I was visiting at the house of one of the District officials the other day when Madam Wu's automobile came up to the door, and her secretary, Mr. Hsu Chao, came to the door with her cards, and then, while he was helping Madam to alight and to peg her way on her two poor, deformed little feet up the front steps, my hostess, with some nervousness, said to her husband, who was present and who was not remarkable for social ease:

"'Now, my dear, do be careful to speak to Madam Wu's nephew after you speak to her, for many people overlook him, and he is not only a Secretary of Legation but he is of the nobility.'

"'All right!' said he with cheerfulness. 'I'll speak to him, of course.'

"As soon as the two Orientals entered the room, both in the wadded, baggy dress of their country, with little to distinguish one from the other, both with caps on their heads that surmounted two ivory-white faces of the same cast of feature and expression, the official stepped briskly forward and taking Mr. Hsu Chao's hand in his pressed it with nervous gallantry and said:

"'How glad I am, Mrs. Wu, to welcome you to my home!'

"It was an awful moment," laughed I at the recollection.

"What did the Orientals do? Did they understand the situation?" asked Senator P——, amused.

"Of course they understood. There was a flicker on Madam Wu's face. She stepped forward and said graciously:

"'I t'ank you for welcome.' And then we all of us fell to talking vigorously.

"Madam Wu is always attended at her own days at home by both her son and nephew. Her son stands at her side and in lieu of a daughter receives his mother's guests with perfect ease and aplomb, and he passes a cup of Chinese tea with all the finish of a courtier. He has, to be sure, rather a remarkable sounding name—Chao Chou."

"Somewhat suggestive of a bottle of pickles," said Senator P—— dryly.

"That's about as bad as the names that Senator Lamar bore. His initials were L. Q. C., and as he never wrote out his names there was some curiosity about them. Just before he went out of the Senate I asked him to tell me how he came to have such a combination of names as his initials stood for.

"'My father,' he said, 'had several brothers, the oldest of whom was a bachelor. This oldest brother had two pursuits that were almost manias with him, money-getting and historical research. The other brothers, including my father, prudently wished the rich man's money to come down to their children, so when each one of us cousins was born our old uncle was asked to choose the name. When I came along my uncle was enthusiastically deep in Roman history and his two heroes were Lucius Quintus Curtius and Cincinnatus. Nothing would do but I must be named for those two old Romans, so I became the recipient of Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus. In due time a boy cousin was born, and by that time my uncle had worked along down to modern times and was deep in the tribulations of France, and his two particular favorites were Mirabeau and Bonaparte. So my cousin became Mirabeau Bonaparte. Well, after French history my uncle crossed the water in his reading and got along to American history, and his imagination was particularly fired by Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, and also there came a third boy upon whom these names were bestowed, and he became Jefferson Jackson Lamar.'"

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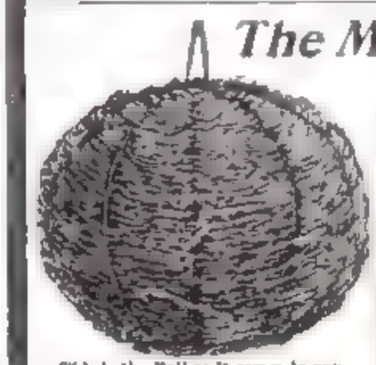

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Presence of Mind on the Stage

(Concluded from Page 4)

With a Disjointed Shoulder

By Charles H. Hawtrey

IN TWENTY years' experience on the stage so many things happen in the way of slips glossed over, or situations saved by presence of mind, that they fade and become forgotten. Constant mental alertness is a first necessity to the actor, but with it must go, as well, a command of physical conditions. Perhaps this latter phase of things is not so likely forgotten; one occurrence of this description lingers in my memory with especial forcefulness.

It happened upon the first night in London of A Message from Mars. Every one who has been associated with the stage—and, for the matter of that, the majority of those who have not—knows the importance, the nervousness and the anxiety, that a first night carries with it.

Things were going very smoothly after six weeks' hard rehearsal; the first act had gone splendidly.

It was at the moment when Horace Parker refuses to give gold to the beggar woman and when, to persuade him, the Messenger uses his dynamic force. As we had rehearsed it I used to fall on the snow; but in doing so on this occasion my hand caught in the pocket of my coat and I fell on the point of my shoulder. The audience roared with laughter, but when I got up I realized that my shoulder was out of joint and that I couldn't move it at all.

I was just wondering how on earth I was going to finish the play when, as I turned upstage in swinging round, the shoulder slipped back into place, and though it hurt a good bit I was able to get through the performance all right; but the following day I was too crippled to do my work and we had to close the theatre for a week.

Since then, however strong the dynamic force that the Messenger uses, he has never succeeded in knocking me down.

The Actor and the Duke

By J. H. Steddart

PRESENCE of mind on the stage has to be exercised for others as well as for ourselves; and those who possess the least share of this very admirable and necessary quality generally make the strongest demands for it upon their more fortunate colleagues.

During the first year of my travels as an actor I joined a troupe that was presenting Shakespearean tragedy. We were playing in one of the provincial cities of England when a new actor—an inexperienced amateur—joined the company and was assigned the rôle of Catesby in which to make his début in the play of Richard the Third. During the progress of the piece one of his new lines is, after a quick entrance, addressed to King Richard, and he says:

"My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken."

I can remember that on the night of his first appearance he was frightfully nervous and was anxious to proclaim the fact that the Duke of Buckingham was taken, as he had been practicing and studying it for several weeks. The result was that he got the wrong cue, and made his entrance before time, crying out:

"My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!"

Richard turned to him, and in an undertone said: "Get off! get off! you're too soon."

The actor left the stage mortified and more "rattled" than ever, so that scarcely was he in the wings before he again made the same mistake, and again proclaimed that the Duke of Buckingham was taken. Richard turned upon him for the second time and told him to leave the stage. He also whispered: "Somebody take care of that idiot, and tell him when to make his entrance."

The prompter grabbed the actor by the hand, and when the proper time came said: "Now is your time. Tell Richard he's taken."

The actor rushed upon the stage, hesitated, looked at Richard, and then, in a wild tone of voice, exclaimed:

"We have him, by Heaven, and we have him sure!"

I believe the curtain went down, and, if I remember rightly, the curtain was not the only thing that went down.

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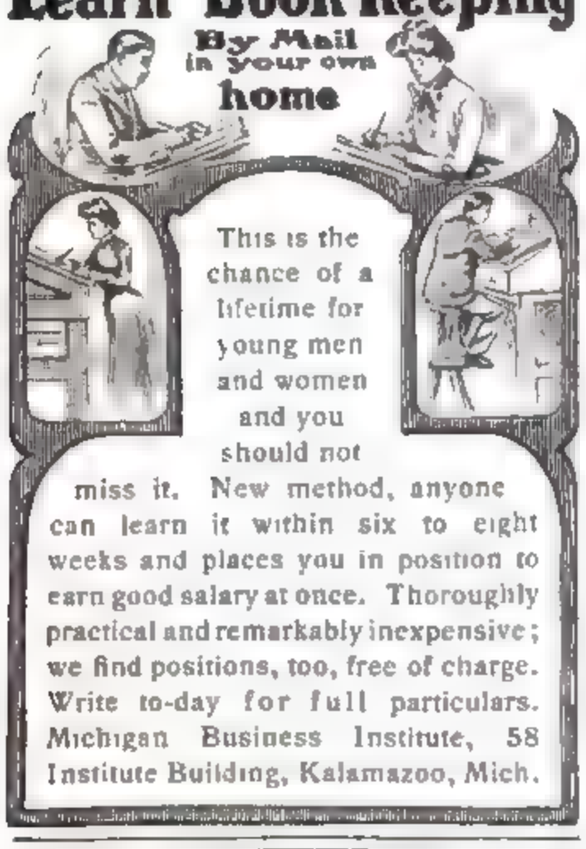

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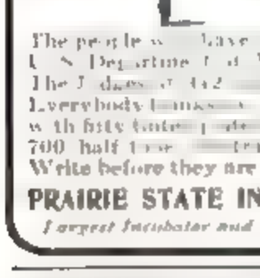

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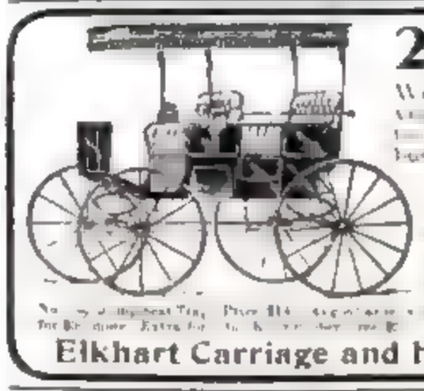

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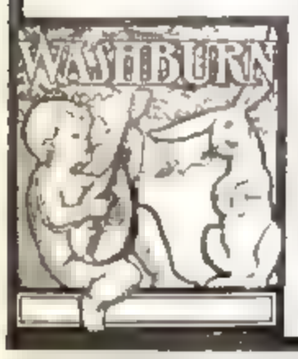

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Van Reypen's Clean Cot

Admiral Van Reypen

REAR ADMIRAL William Knickerbocker Van Reypen, who after forty years of service recently applied for retirement from the post of Surgeon-General of the Navy, has enjoyed an eventful career. He was born in New Jersey, though from his name that fact might not be suspected.

His achievement in fitting out the first ambulance ship ever used in naval warfare has won him international recognition. For many years, as Fleet Surgeon of the various American squadrons, he made a study of the care of wounded men. He observed that the growing tendency in the construction of modern ironclads was to utilize every available inch to make the armament more effective, and that during or after action a warship was a poor hospital for wounded and dying men. He therefore designed plans for an ambulance ship.

The Spanish War gave Admiral Van Reypen opportunity to test his humane undertaking. He went to President McKinley, to whom he submitted details of his plan.

"The President," said the Admiral, "was interested at once, but wanted to know why, if the plan were a good one, other nations had not hitherto adopted it. I explained that it was a new idea, but that foreign Ministers of Marine had the subject under consideration.

"'I am convinced,' said President McKinley, 'that this is a commendable and merciful project, and I authorize you to proceed without hindrance to the completion of your plans.'"

And so the Solace was commissioned, and did conspicuous Red Cross work during the recent war, taking care of many sick and wounded of the American Navy in Cuban waters and of many victims from the wreck of Cervera's squadron. It is now doing similar work in the Philippines.

The hospital ship Maine was patterned after her, and so were several ambulance ships in the service of European navies.

Admiral Van Reypen had been in the Naval service but a few months when his courage was put to a test. In September, 1862, he was ordered from the Naval Hospital at Brooklyn to take charge of the Marine Hospital at Key West, Florida. Arriving there he found that his predecessor had just died of yellow fever and that there were fifty-six cases of the disease in the hospital. Only one attendant was able to assist him.

Looking around," said the Admiral, "I could discover no place for me to sleep or to establish myself in, and I asked the assistant if there were a nook or room reserved for me.

"'That's yours,' he replied, pointing to an uninviting section of the hospital. In front of the door were piled a dozen or more mattresses in a very unsanitary state. Within, the only furniture was an iron bedstead.

"'Well,' said I, 'I must have a mattress.'

"'Take your choice,' remarked the attendant, indicating the gruesome pile at the door.

"I knew," continued the Admiral, "that scores of patients had died on those mattresses. Finally I selected one comparatively clean. 'Have this put on my bed,' I said.

"'Yes,' assented the attendant, 'that one's all right; only one man died on that mattress.'"

For more than two years Admiral Van Reypen served in this place of pestilence and was the only physician there who survived the terrible ordeal.

The Admiral does not look like an officer on the retired list. He is a man of great vigor and thoroughly alive to all the temperate delights of life. He has a keen sense of humor, and likes to tell of a friend of his, a fellow-surgeon, who was explaining to a class of college students the effects of various chemicals on microbes.

"There are," explained the medico, "some microbes that will live and multiply in sulphuric acid, but which will instantly perish when they are brought into contact with sulphate of quinine. What, therefore, young gentlemen, would you deduce from this?"

"That we should always take sulphate of quinine in preference to sulphuric acid," was the reply of one of the embryo practitioners.

Prof. Loeb's Curious Work

Professor Jacques Loeb, of the University of Chicago, whose researches in physiology have made him much talked about, and have aroused a storm of discussion throughout the medical and biological world, is one of the few men who have been made uncomfortable by the limelight of publicity. His recent announcements of the so-called "Salt" theory, and his theories as to the possibilities of artificial fertilization, have been so extended and modified by commentators that he has been driven to desperation in attempts to explain himself and stem the current of criticism which has set about him.

Although he has been at work along the lines of these theories for several years he has steadfastly refused to be interviewed upon the subject or even to write of his theories for the popular magazines, although offered very tempting inducements.

His successful experiments in the artificial fertilization of jellyfish and other low forms of life have been extended to higher forms by his critics with the results he foresaw.

In spite of all that has been said and written about him recently, he is personally known to very few, as he has almost no interests outside of the private laboratory in the Hull Quadrangle, where he spends practically all of his time when in Chicago. He refuses to indulge in vacations, but, instead, spends his summers at the Marine Laboratory at Wood's Holl, in arduous research work.

Professor Loeb enjoys the unique distinction of being the only member of the faculty who has never seen a football game and who is openly indifferent to every kind of athletics.

Of all the recent newspaper comments which have filled his cup with bitterness, that which appeared in a prominent Spanish daily is said to have given him the keenest discomfiture. With all seriousness this journal informed its readers that "an American millionaire has for many years had Professor Loeb employed in seeking for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, with the result that it has at last been found, and is solution of salt."

Professor Loeb has a great fondness for dogs and has quite a large family of them in his home. In summer, at Wood's Holl, they are his constant companions.

A Specialist in Charity

Mr. Thomas W. Hynes

ONE of the non-partisan appointments made by Mayor Low, of New York, was that of Thomas W. Hynes to be the Commissioner of Correction, one of the most important offices under the city government. Mr. Hynes has for twenty-five years been president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Brooklyn, and is one of the best-known charity workers in America. He has always taken an active part in politics, but has never in any sense been a politician. He was until a few years ago at the head of a large mercantile establishment. He then entered the office of the City Comptroller as Head Examiner of Accounts of Institutions. This is one of the most important bureaus in the Department of Finance, as it has control of the disbursement of money to the various charitable institutions which draw a revenue from the city treasury.

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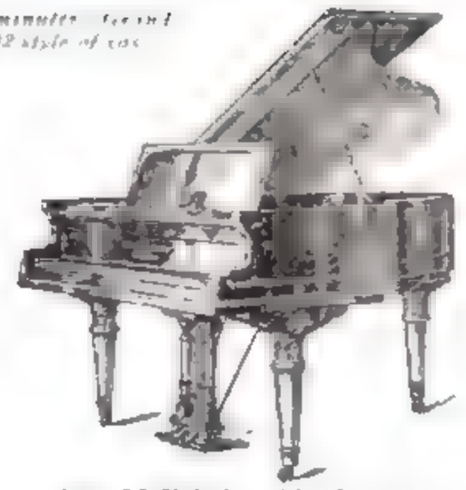

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When the last municipal campaign opened, Mr. Hynes, who exerts much influence, had to decide whether he should support Mr. Low or Mr. Shepard, the rival candidates. He had been Commissioner of Charities and Correction under Mr. Low when the latter was Mayor of Brooklyn, and it was expected, therefore, that he would array himself under the banner of the President of Columbia. But after Mr. Shepard had been nominated by the Democrats Mr. Hynes went to Mr. Low and said:

"I believe Mr. Shepard to be a thoroughly competent, honest, conscientious man. I am sure he would give New York a first-class business administration. That being the case, I feel it my duty to support him, rather than yourself, because I have always been an independent Democrat, and, considering the merits of the candidates to be equal, I naturally follow my party."

The disgust of the politicians may therefore be imagined when Mr. Low announced that he had selected him as head of the Department of Correction.

Like a true Irishman, Mr. Hynes loves a practical joke and never fails to indulge in one when he can do so without hurting any one's feelings. Just after his appointment was announced he was walking down Broadway with two acquaintances, one of whom thought that the occasion warranted a treat, so he invited Mr. Hynes and the other man into a cigar store where they all had perfectos. While they were "lighting up" the conversation must have been of a very interesting character, because the man who had provided the treat didn't realize until they were several blocks away from the cigar store that he had forgotten his change. Then he waxed very wroth with the cigar-store clerk.

"You'd suppose," he sputtered, "that he would have been honest enough to remind me of it. I'll go back there and fix him."

"Oh, I wouldn't get mad at him," suggested Mr. Hynes coolly, puffing away at his cigar. "I guess it was my fault. I saw you were absent-minded and I told him to keep the change."

The victim was at first in some doubt as to how he ought to take the matter, but he is an Irishman himself and soon saw the point of the joke and joined with the other two in the laugh at his expense.

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This is by way of epilogue. The story proper begins eleven years later, when the child Audrey, sole survivor of that wrecked home in the wilderness, is seventeen, an innocent, wondering, undeveloped girl, "passionate after dreams, and unconcerned about realities." We see her first running bare-legged in the May-day races, and we take our leave of her, a queen of tragedy on the provincial stage. The earlier view is better. Audrey in the woods, and in the minister's poor house, is charming. Audrey dancing at the governor's ball, or holding her audience spellbound night by night, is, to say the least, unconvincing. Audrey simply and frankly in love with Haward—as any girl would have been in her place—touches the reader's heart. Audrey building up shadowy barriers between her suitor and herself, and talking sad nonsense about ghosts and dreams and strangers, irritates the reader's soul. Miss Johnston's heroes are all models of patience, and she takes good care that they shall have every opportunity for practicing this most unmasculine virtue.

In the matter of incident the book has been more sparingly treated than its predecessors, and is consequently a more artistic piece of work. There are no pirates to enliven its pages, and the duels are of a trifling and un-Homeric character. If the half-breed who does duty as a villain hardly deserves the part he is given to play, all the other characters are drawn with admirable care and distinctness. The drunken reprobate of a parson—not without his redeeming qualities—his shrewish wife, the branded schoolmaster, Mistress Stagg of the play-house, above all, the storekeeper and his Quaker sweetheart—these people live sturdily on every page. There is nothing forced in the pathos of the storekeeper's history, a Highland rebel serving out his indenture in the Colonies. His loves and his hatreds are of a solid flesh-and-blood order, his friendship firm as a rock, his language sombre and florid, as befits a conquered Gael. "The Campbells I can never reach; they walk secure, overseas, through Lorn and Argyle, couching in the tall heather above Etive, tracking the red deer in the Forest of Dalness. Forster is dead. Ewin Mackinnon is dead, I know; for five years ago come Martinmas night I saw his perjured soul on its way to Hell."

It is a fine stroke of irony to mate this man with Mistress Truelove Taberer, and their courtship is the most satisfactory thing in the book. For a real conjugal paradise we must always turn to the eagle and the dove, to the lion and the lamb. They know the meaning of felicity. —*Agnes Repplier.*

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The nineteen short poems of Mr. Forrest Crissey's In Thompson's Woods (*Langworthy & Stevens, Chicago*) are not all rustic themes, but all avowedly take their inspiration from a country childhood. They are for the most part, and in their most distinctive aspect, friendly reminiscences of simple, familiar incidents, that with the lapse

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The Editor's Plans

ARRANGEMENTS have just been made with Hon. Charles Emory Smith for a fortnightly article on Washington affairs.

Mr. Smith's brilliant public career, his wide acquaintance with public men, and his firm grasp of national politics enable him to write of great questions in a broad way and to forecast with accuracy the trend of national affairs.

MR. CLEVELAND'S new article, An Apology for Duck Hunters, which has already been announced, will appear in an early number. This will be followed by a timely paper on practical politics, entitled The President's Patronage.

LEWIS NIXON, Richard Croker's successor as the leader of the Tammany forces, will contribute to an early issue an extremely interesting paper on the Boss and his Young Braves. Mr. Nixon is a frank advocate of the machine and the boss, and he thinks that it is to them that our misgoverned cities must look for their political salvation.

SOME bright and entertaining papers soon to appear are The Humors of Professional Life. Each of these papers is a series of clever little stories told by prominent doctors, lawyers, players and clergymen. Every professional man has had ludicrous adventures: these are some of the funniest, and they are doubly interesting from having happened to distinguished persons.

EVERY business man who is a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is invited to contribute to a series of stories which is soon to appear. Tales of Men of Many Trades is a series of miniature stories—of from 500 to 1000 words in length—dealing with the picturesque and entertaining side of business life. Stories which teach business lessons, which show how business is transacted, are particularly desired. Every business man has had at least one striking experience which can be interestingly told in a few words.

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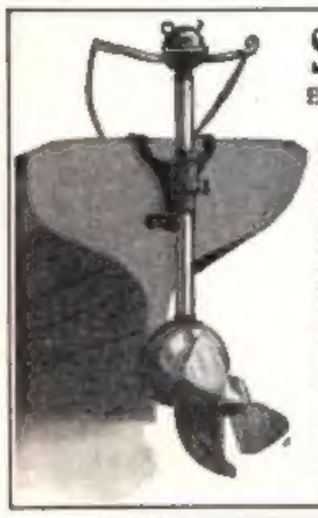

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of years have come to typify the whole life and atmosphere of which at the time they formed an unnoticed part. Ma's Attic, for instance, has acquired for Mr. Crissey a depth of perspective which even the darkest corners could never have had for the boy who trembled to explore them; and Mother's Sunbonnet, Father's Coat and Thompson's Store have all taken on "the tone of time."

Such an attitude is native to many an unwilling cliff-dweller, and Mr. Crissey is fortunate to approach so large an audience on so sympathetic a side. Particularly will his introductory picture of the schoolroom—for one young lover a temple, and the teacher's desk with its offerings of first-found violets and chosen "maiden blush" apples his altar—recall memories perhaps half-hidden under the dust of the hurrying years.

Henry Seton Merriman will, in his next novel, return to the Russian field, in which he made an early success, and will deal with events connected with a Polish insurrection. It is said, by the way, that he and Miss Corelli are the only two writers of any prominence who do not wish the public to know what they look like and who, therefore, decline to allow their photographs to be published.

Widespread interest has been aroused in regard to American animals by the writings of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson and Mr. W. A. Fraser, and a book will be brought out in the fall by Doubleday, Page & Co. which is intended to depict every animal which is native to the United States. A number of experts are collaborating on the work, and there are to be striking snapshot photographs of wild animals and a number of pictures taken by flash-light at night—the camera for many of these pictures being operated through an ingenious arrangement of springs and wires by which the animals become their own photographers.

Secret underground passages with their escapes, their mysterious appearances, and their general usefulness for the needs of fiction, always have a fascination, and the one which plays an important part in Allen French's new novel, The Colonials, really existed. Mr. French, in his researches in regard to Boston localities, found that just such a passage as he describes once ran from an old house to the Charles River, and that it was used by smugglers. Of course, though, that house was not known as the "Ellery" house; but Mr. French, as a resident of old Concord, is familiar with the name "Ellery"—as a given name rather than a surname, however, and especially as the name of that Concordian, recently dead, who was so loved by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West's conduct of her magazine, the Anglo-Saxon Review, was distinguished, at any rate in its early days, by heavy expenditure. On one occasion she paid a large sum for a story, by a well-known author, which ran to barely half a dozen pages and was remarkably dull and tame. An even larger sum was paid to another author for a very unrepresentative specimen of his talents. Numerous others were also similarly well paid.

When the magazine was started Mrs. Cornwallis-West imagined that she would be able to count every notable man in England as a contributor. Even His Royal Highness Edward, then Prince of Wales, promised an article on Automobiles, but when called upon to keep his promise wrote: "Ma chère amie, Mamma won't let me."

The widely circulated story that Mr. Gilbert Parker, in describing the heroine in The Right of Way, copied the appearance and characteristics of Miss Ethel Roland, of Reading, Pennsylvania, whom he met at Oberammergau while he was at work on the novel, is one of those literary inventions that are apt to be told in connection with the work of well-known men. It is a fact that Mr. Parker really met Miss Roland, and that he really called upon her when he was in this country a few weeks ago; and it is not improbable, from what we read of her, that she is a good deal like his heroine—but, at the time he first met her at Oberammergau, the manuscript of the novel was in the hands of the publishers. However, Mr. Parker may console himself with the reflection that Sir Walter Scott was once shown the very dungeon in which Roderick Dhu was confined and the very rock to which he was chained. The smiling Sir Walter did not undeceive his guide, nor is Mr. Parker writing letters of correction to the newspapers.

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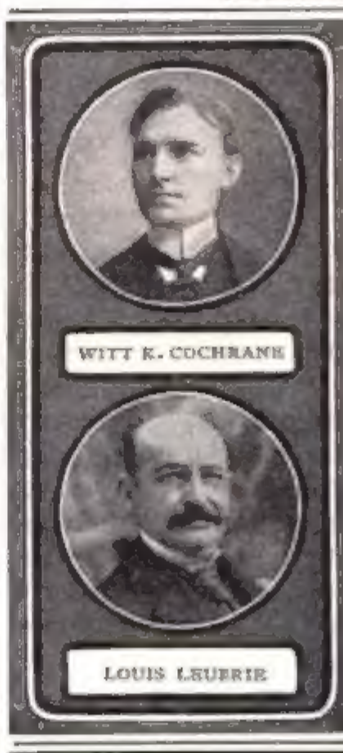

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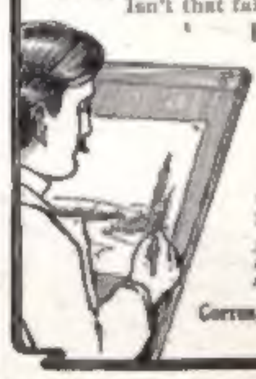

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Since our first general advertising appeared, announcing the sale of our treasury stock, over one-half the amount has been taken up by subscribers in all parts of the United States. All who have visited our plants and investigated have taken stock, and many have added to their original purchase. It can be readily understood that prospective subscribers have exhausted every means in their power to learn of our reputation, ability, and the earning capacity of our business. The result has been most gratifying to us. Perhaps some of these stockholders live in your vicinity; if so we will be pleased to put you in communication with them.

General Offices and Mail Order Shipping Department at Racine, Wis.

We want your investment, whether in a large or small amount, because we want your influence in your locality. Our product is sold by the mail-order methods direct to the consumer. Your recommendation to your friends will sell hosiery and underwear and increase our profits. This is why we prefer to distribute our stock as widely as possible. Every stockholder becomes an advertisement. We know of no cheaper or more effective method of obtaining publicity.

Our capital stock is $250,000.00, and our plan is to offer to the public 10,000 shares of treasury stock at par, $10.00 per share, fully paid, non-assessable, and drawing at the present time semi-annual dividends of 3 per cent. This is a good investment, because you will receive a larger return than is offered by your savings bank. It is secured by over $250,000.00 of assets and your money is employed in a business which has outgrown its infancy. The experimental stage is past, the company is splendidly equipped and working on a proven policy. For this reason there is little doubt that annual dividends will be much larger than 6 per cent. We are manufacturing and selling by mail-order methods a high grade of seamless hosiery and full-fashioned underwear. For three years we have been building a direct family trade in all parts of the country. Our goods are better than can ordinarily be obtained from other sources.

Stevens Point Factory

There are technical reasons why Racine goods wear better than others, and the great increase in the demand for our product evidences the truth of our assertion. We have a small army of salesmen throughout the United States who are constantly soliciting the family trade. They find the work profitable and have the utmost faith in the line they represent. There is practically no limit to the field of operation, and on this account we are making extensive additions to our equipment. We have erected a model factory at Beloit and have doubled the capacity of our underwear factory within the past few months.

Equipment

Our factory equipment is complete and modern in all of its machinery details. Our hosiery machines are of the circular automatic type and of the best-known makes, producing goods at the lowest possible cost. Our ribbing machinery is the latest, and fitted with automatic stop motions, preventing all waste of yarns. We use the Hepworth loopers, with all improved attachments, for the finishing off of hosiery, and our ladies' hose are hemmed on the Wilcox & Gibbs hemmers, producing the only perfectly elastic top. Our dye house is fitted for all shades on both cotton and woolen fabrics, and is in charge of one of the best-known dyers in the country. We control our own system for an absolutely fast, non-poisonous black. We dry our goods with extractors and hot blast, and board them to shape on boards of our own especial pattern, giving perfect sizings. The underwear department is equipped with Lamb flat-bed machines of the most modern construction, and we control and use exclusively the only practical device for reinforcing garments by knitting in extra threads. The finishing machines are the best made for their different purposes. We maintain full sets of repairs for our machinery, and have lathes, drill presses, forges and milling machinery for doing our own machinework. The people in charge of the different departments are experienced and thoroughly capable in their several positions. We aim to keep abreast of all new forms of machinery, both principal and auxiliary, which will lessen cost of production or improve our product.

Factory at Racine, Wis.

Beloit Factory

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We will mail a complete prospectus containing the endorsements of prominent authorities on every feature of our business. A cordial invitation to visit our plants is extended to all who are looking for a safe investment, and we will be pleased to furnish any information desired. Subscriptions will be filled in the order of their receipt, and all stock will participate in dividends figured pro rata from date of issue of each certificate. Applications with remittance may be forwarded direct to Herbert S. Blake, Treasurer, Racine Knitting Co., Racine, Wis., or to the Commercial and Savings Bank, or the First National Bank, of Racine, Wis., who will hold remittances until the receipt and forwarding of the stock certificates.

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